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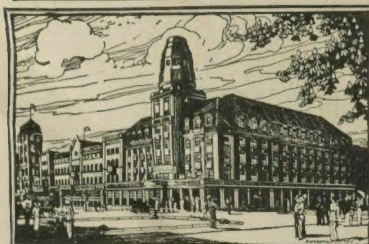
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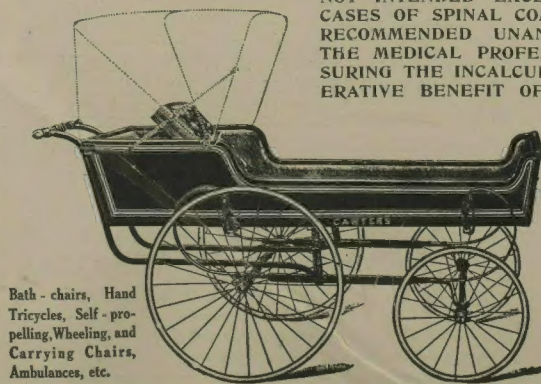
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Literary Supplement. ONE SHILLING.

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## LOST IN THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": MR. LAURENCE IRVING, THE ACTOR, AND HIS WIFE, MISS MABEL HACKNEY.

Amongst those who perished as a result of the sinking of the liner "Empress of Ireland," were Mr. Laurence Irving and his wife, whose stage name was Miss Mabel Hackney. They had concluded a very successful tour in Canada with "Typhoon" and other plays, and were on their way home. It would seem from the accounts, which are necessarily confused, that Mr. and Mrs. Irving were below when the collision occurred; and it is evident that Mr. Irving died making a courageous endeavour to save his wife, whom he succeeded in getting on to the deck. As the ship went down, husband and wife were in each other's arms. Laurence Irving, who was born in London

on December 21, 1871, was the younger son of the late Sir Henry Irving. He was intended for the diplomatic profession, and was at the British Embassy at St. Petersburg for a short time. He made his first professional appearance on the stage in August 1891. After that he was seen in many parts, steadily progressing towards recognition as a very fine actor, one who thought as well as played. He was author, or part-author, of several dramatic works. Mrs. Laurence Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney) was thirty-four. In addition to playing lead with her husband, she was leading lady with Sir George Alexander in "The Thunderbolt," and played leading parts with the late Sir Henry Irving.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "ADÈLE" AT THE GAIETY

THE Gaiety—strange metamorphosis—is given over just now to American musical comedy. But it is American musical comedy with a difference. Have we complained of the noisiness, the feverishness, the jingle, the inconsequence of this class of entertainment? "Adèle" is here to show us that America can provide its own antidote. You will search in vain in the production presented by Mr. Joseph P. Bickerton jun. for the usual restless and energetic chorus which keeps the stage in a constant simmer of excitement; instead, a selected group of ten beautiful and gorgeously dressed girls wander on and pose at rare intervals, adding, no doubt, to the picturesqueness but not to the vivacity of the scene. So far from there being no plot, the libretto which Messrs. Adolf Philipp and E. A. Paulton have Anglicised from the American, with its resemblances to "The Marriage of Kitty" and its white marriage of convenience which quickly turns into the marriage of romantic love, suffers rather from an excess than from a lack of story—story of the sentimental type. Finally, whereas the comedians only too often have things all their own way, there is none too much humour in "Adèle," and what there is, mainly consisting as it does of the "back chat" of burlesque Montagu and Capulet parents—tradesmen who quarrel at sight—distinctly makes for tedium. Still, there is piquancy in the idea of the quick change with which hero and heroine tumble into mutual adoration; there is much to amuse in Transatlantic conceptions of gay life in Paris; the score of Mr. Jean Briquet, without being in any sense original, is well stocked with tuneful waltz refrains; and the pair of principal ladies, Miss Carolyn Thomson as an ingénue and Miss Georgia Caine as a widow, know how to sing and how to charm. The curiosity of the performance is the mixture of spluttering and gurgling which Mr. Dallas Welford offers us to indicate symptoms of apoplectic wrath. It is perhaps worth adding that on the first night there were a few gallant "boos" at curtain-fall—perhaps provoked by the excessive enthusiasm of friends in front. But "Adèle" is such a change alike from ordinary Gaiety fare and ordinary imports from the States that it is likely to please on that very account.

### "LOVE CHEATS." AT THE CORONET.

Familiar enough on the stage as in life is the theme for which Mr. Basil Dean asks our attention in his new play, "Love Cheats," the chief item in the bill of the penultimate week of Miss Horniman's London season. Long ago, when melodrama had its vogue at the Adelphi and Princess's, our popular playwrights were fond of using it as the subplot of their romances, but there usually love's cheat had already been accomplished before the story began, and the victim was a lay-figure of gloom, all tears and garb of mourning. In Mr. Dean's work we see the whole drama of betrayal in progress. We see his heroine, a fisherman's daughter wearied of the sameness of her humble sweetheart's courtship, giving ear to the honeyed flatteries of a gentleman visitor who is boarding at her father's cottage on holiday and finds love-making a pleasant pastime. We learn that she is wilful, passionate, trusting; and that he is reckless in pursuit of the whim of the moment. And the inevitable happens one night while her father is away fishing, but her jealous cousin-lover is prowling out of doors. It is no case of kissing and riding away this time for Arthur Gwyther; he has to face the music of both her father's and her fiancée's wrath. And she, poor girl, discovers only too soon how much clay there is in this gentleman's composition, and how less than nothing his love means—"words, words, words," as she says bitterly. The action of the play is far too hurried to have a sufficient air of probability; otherwise, Mr. Dean's treatment is as sincere as it is full of poignant emotion, and he may be congratulated on getting a very fair amount of local colour—in Dorset is his fishing-village—into his tale. Here and there appear slight resemblances with "Hindle Wakes," but dates prove Mr. Dean to have been in no sense a plagiarist. Very moving acting of Miss Irene Rooke's is the main feature of the representation, though the performance of Mr. Herbert Lomas as Esther's father, full of rugged vigour, deserves warm commendation; and Mr. Leonard Mudie also makes his mark as a village zany. Mr. Rosmer makes little out of Gwyther's rôle; gentility hardly suits his talents.

(Other Playhouse Notes on "Art and Drama" Page.)

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## OUR LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this Number we give the third of our new series of monthly Literary Supplements. The subject of the full-page portrait in the "Gallery of Great Writers" on this occasion is Mr. Jack London, the famous American novelist, who has had a more unconventional and adventurous career, probably, than any other member of the literary craft has ever had. Under the heading "Memoirs and History" we review Colonel Rankin's "Inner History of the Balkan War"; "The Story of Dorothy Jordan," by Mrs. Jerrold; and "The Hermits and Anchorites of England," by Rotha Mary Clay. Novels of the month reviewed in our Supplement include Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "The World Set Free," Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Roding Rectory," Mr. H. A. Vachell's "Quineys," and Mr. George A. Birmingham's "The Lost Tribes." Besides these extended reviews a number of other new books receive shorter notices. Among them are five novels, four books of travel, plays by Bernard Shaw and Rabindranath Tagore, and works on natural history and various other subjects.

## THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

FIVE new volumes have recently been added to that deservedly popular series, the "Home University Library" (Williams and Norgate). Among them are studies of two English poets who, though widely separated by the centuries, yet had in common the love of a romantic story and an intense interest in human nature and the external activities of life. The two poets are Chaucer and William Morris. There are many people, probably, who could quote from Tennyson about—

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath  
Prelude those melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth.

There are comparatively few, perhaps, who have read much of Chaucer himself. His leisurely prolixity and his archaic diction are a stumbling-block to the hasty reader of to-day. He is essentially a poet whose readers need the stimulus of interpretation, and this service has been very ably performed in "Chaucer and His Times," by Grace E. Hadow, Lecturer in English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. As she points out, Chaucer was the first great English humanist, whether or not he was the father of English poetry. One of the most interesting things in the book is the account, at the end, of the unsuccessful Victorian attempt to modernise Chaucer by "a sort of joint-stock company of contemporary poets," including Wordsworth, Tennyson, the Brownings, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer Lytton. Lander held aloof.

Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, in the preface to his "William Morris; his Work and Influence," disclaims any intention to write a "shorter life" of Morris. His object has been "to explain his importance to his own time and to ours." There are many ways, both in social affairs and in matters of artistic taste, in which the ideas of Morris are still potent at work, and this admirable appreciation of the man and his work, written as it is by an enthusiast, is very welcome.

At the present time there is a widespread interest in the National Church, from the doctrinal and also from the political point of view, and modern movements of thought on religious questions make it essential for anyone who would understand them to know something of the history of the Anglican establishment. This is given clearly and concisely in "The Church of England," by Canon E. W. Watson, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. He traces the story of the Church from the coming of Augustine to the Tractarian Movement and the condition of Christianity in England to-day.

Professor Grenville Cole's "The Growth of Europe," is not, as those unacquainted with it might assume from the title, a historical work, but geological. Professor Cole holds the Chair of Geology in the Royal College of Science for Ireland. The recent volcanic earthquakes in Sicily re-awakened us to the fact that the continent on which we dwell is not everywhere "terra firma," and that its formation affects us all very closely. Geology in Professor Cole's hands is not the "terrible Muse" that Tennyson called it, but a subject which even the unscientific may find fascinating.

Still more vitally important to civilised society is the subject, so much discussed to-day, which is treated with great ability and delicacy by Professor Patrick Geddes and Professor J. Arthur Thomson in the volume entitled "Sex." It is highly satisfactory that this volume should have been undertaken by two authors of such eminence. Their book, though dealing with sex and its evolution throughout animal life, will also be especially valuable, to parents and teachers, in those chapters devoted to the ethical and educational aspects of the question.

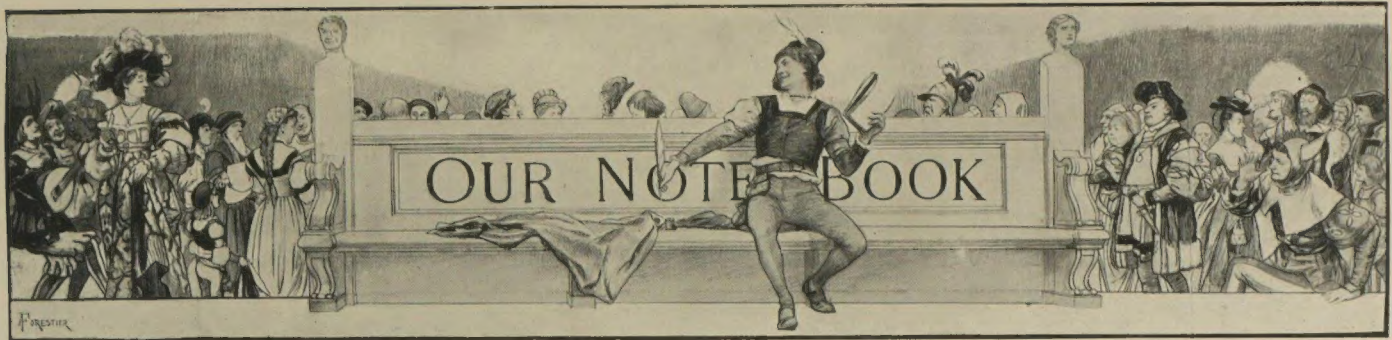
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In consequence of the numerous inquiries made upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that Applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled Interleaves or Leaflets, or bearing any other title and said to be inserted in any portion of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us have known in sleep, or even in semi-sleep, a nightmare confusion of the mind by which we seem to be listening to a talk about something, while every turn of the talk suggests that it is really something else. Ladies are discussing a baby, let us say, and they praise his fur, and his tail, and the way he pricks up his ears, and how useful he is for barking at burglars; and all the time your mind, labouring in half-consciousness, is tortured with the sense of something incongruous, yet cannot get to the word "dog."

I feel very like this when I come across the strange style in which the Feminists discourse on femininity. They seem to be talking about something else—I cannot make out what. This point has nothing to do with women's votes, or even women's rights, or even women's duties: it is a way of talking about women, and it is extraordinary. To begin with, why do they talk as if a woman was something that hadn't yet arrived, like a Superman or a visitor from Mars? Why are they always speculating and prophesying about what Woman "will say" when she learns to talk, as parents wonder whether the infant will say "mamma" or "dada" first? It is rationally arguable, though also disputable, that votes would give women more power to enforce and embody their feelings and views. But surely those of us who are not monks or hermits might know by this time something about what the views and feelings are. These people talk as if every woman wore a gag until she could get a vote. They talk as if she must have a vote before she can even know what she wants to vote for. Or sometimes they talk as if they knew what women would say and do, though we don't: how women would put down gambling or establish Eugenics, as if all women agreed about this or that reform, any more than all women think that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Surely it is not we, but the Feminists, who deny the individuality and freedom of the female, when they predict positively that she will trot tamely like a sheep after "social reform"—that is, the current convention in fashionable slumming.

One of the most startling instances of the latter notion may be found in the case of a woman of genius—Olive Schreiner, perhaps the most poignant and poetical of the early pioneers of these notions, whose "Woman and Labour" I see Mr. Fisher Unwin is republishing in a cheap form. It is well worth reading, for the author is always eloquent and ingenious, even when I think her sophistical: but consider a passage like this—

The day when the woman takes her place beside the man in the governance and arrangements of the external affairs of her race will also be the day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences. No tinsel of trumpets and flags will ultimately seduce women into the insanity of recklessly destroying life, or gild the wilful taking of life by any other name but that of murder, whether it be slaughter of the million or of one by one.

She then proceeds to suggest, with quite good rhetoric, that a woman would not wish a man killed, as a sculptor would not wish the destruction of a statue on which his pain and devotion had been spent. It is all quite plausible; there is nothing the matter with it—except one curious omission, or

rather oblivion. Mrs. Olive Schreiner seems entirely to forget that there are women in the world. She seems to forget that some of us have even seen them walking about. They are not creatures kept in boxes, which when opened with a key called a Vote will reveal to us how many legs, arms, eyes, horns, wings, fins, or tails they possess. There is really no need for this argument *a priori* and in the void, about whether women would tolerate fighting; this argument the writer conducts as if she were finding the square root of minus *x*. There is an objective truth most of us have enough experience to test. Is it true that women cannot be affected by the glory of war? Is it true that they always use

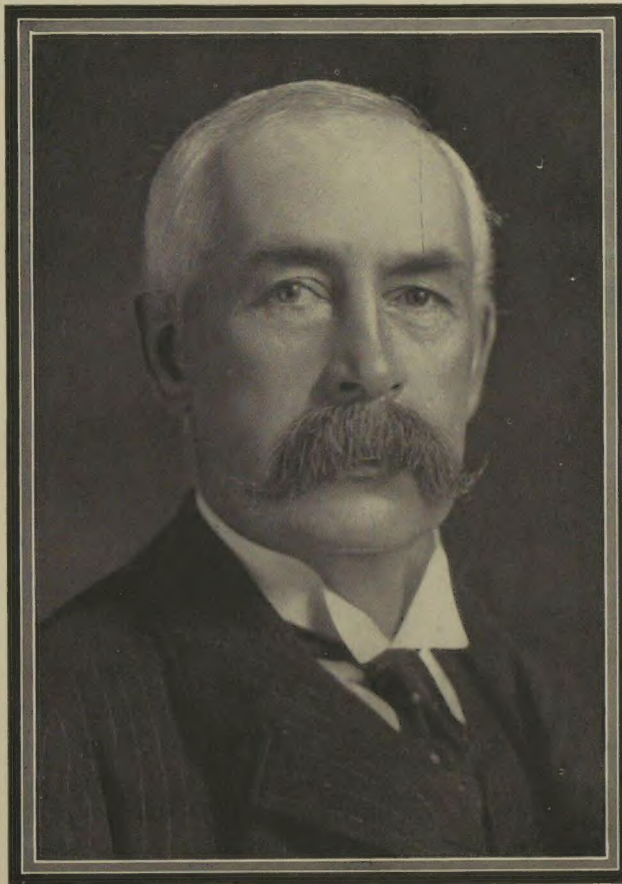
mad father of Frederick the Great: and, indeed, it strikes me as a highly masculine morbidity. And surely it is unreasonable to insist that women, like men, have all the political appetites and all the political interests; and then declare that they cannot possibly feel, like men, the political passions or ambitions that generally lead to wars. Mrs. Olive Schreiner remembers the South African War very vividly, I imagine; she was on the side of the minority in that dispute, as I was myself. Was it her experience, or mine, that jingoism was unknown among women, or even rare among them? Was Lady Tippins less enthusiastic for Jameson or Kitchener than Lord Tippins? Was Mrs. Brown of Brixton less bitter about Pro-Boers at the breakfast table than Mr. Brown of Brixton? Was there no lady journalist helping Rhodes's schemes? or were there no girls out on Mafeking Night? Why, I say, should we have these Messianic assertions, as from behind the veil, about what Woman will do when she comes in glory to inaugurate the end of the world? Why shouldn't she do what she generally does?

Although I still regard Mafeking Night as the black full midnight of the modern English degeneration, I do not mention the above unquestionable facts as any reproach to the normal feminine view thus exhibited. On the contrary, I think the normal feminine view is right. I think it is not only natural, but moral. It does not seem to occur to people of this author's school of thought that quite a large number of us, male and female, would be very sorry to see "the death of war as a means of arranging human differences." Such an arrangement could only come about by the alliance of all the great Powers to force their decisions on everybody who was small, or detached, or devoted to some principle. It would simply be Cecil Rhodes with the German Emperor on the same side. It would be, not Ulster coerced by Ireland, but Ireland coerced by Europe. It would be the partition of Poland without a fight. And what are the other "means of arranging human differences" which would be the main forces in such a combination? Usury, forestalling, pressure by hunger, artificial markets, false news, diplomatic betrayals, police prosecutions—why should either man or woman prefer these?

In any case, Mrs. Olive Schreiner only prophesied the victory of the views of Olive Schreiner; not in the least the victory of the views of Woman—whatever they may be. From the little I have heard of them I should say they were annoying and very sensible, but (like tickets) not transferable: I doubt if they can be moved from one house to another, or from one husband to another. And I am very sure that, whatever other problems trouble the mass of the female population, the problem of shunting the burden of armaments is not one of them.

Have people no common sense? Do they know what is the burden of the rent, or the burden of the pawnbroker? Over waste after waste of that wilderness of proletarian poverty, the peace and fidelity of the family is undisturbed. But when it is disturbed, it is more likely the wife will run away with a soldier than run away from one.

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A FAMOUS BIG-GAME HUNTER, AUTHOR, AND POLITICIAN LOST IN THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" DISASTER: THE LATE SIR HENRY SETON-KARR.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr was among the passengers on the "Empress of Ireland," and his body was afterwards identified among the drowned. Little is known as to his last moments, but the fact that he assisted a fellow-passenger to put on a life-belt indicates that, as was to be expected from his life, he met death bravely after doing his best to help others. Sir Henry, who was sixty-one, was born in India, where his father was Resident Commissioner at Baroda at the time of the Mutiny. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1879, and sat for over twenty years (1885 to 1906) as Conservative Member for St. Helens. As a politician he was much interested in State colonisation, and was on the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War. Among his books were "A Call to Arms" and "My Sporting Holidays," describing his experiences as a big game hunter. He was a golfer of old standing, and originated the Parliamentary Golf Handicap. Sir Henry was twice married, and leaves two sons and a daughter. His knighthood was bestowed in 1902.

Photograph by Lafayette.

all their influence against it? Is a woman generally ashamed of being the wife or sister of a soldier? Does a mother, in fact, regard her son who returns from the war as if he were hiding in her house after committing a murder? Did any of the queens and great ladies in history want to preserve soldiers only as beautiful statues? The only person I can remember who approximated to such a view was a man—the



## GAMES ON THE LINER NOW BELOW THE WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE: RECREATIONS ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

PHOTOGRAPH

No. 4 BY MOREAU.



1. DECK GOLF ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND," NOW SUNK IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

2. ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

4. PASSENGERS SKIPPING ABOARD THE IL-FATED LINER.

A GAME OF DECK QUOTS.

5. A GAME OF CARDS IN A CORNER OF THE SMOKE-ROOM OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

5. READING AND WRITING IN THE LINER'S LIBRARY.

Deserately, the ill-fated "Empress of Ireland" was a very popular ship; for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company took the greatest care not only for the safety of their passengers, but for their comfort and amusement during voyages. It was aboard her that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia journeyed, two and a-half years ago, when the Duke was on his way to take up his duties as Governor-General of Canada. The accommodation for all classes was excellent; and there were, of course, facilities for various

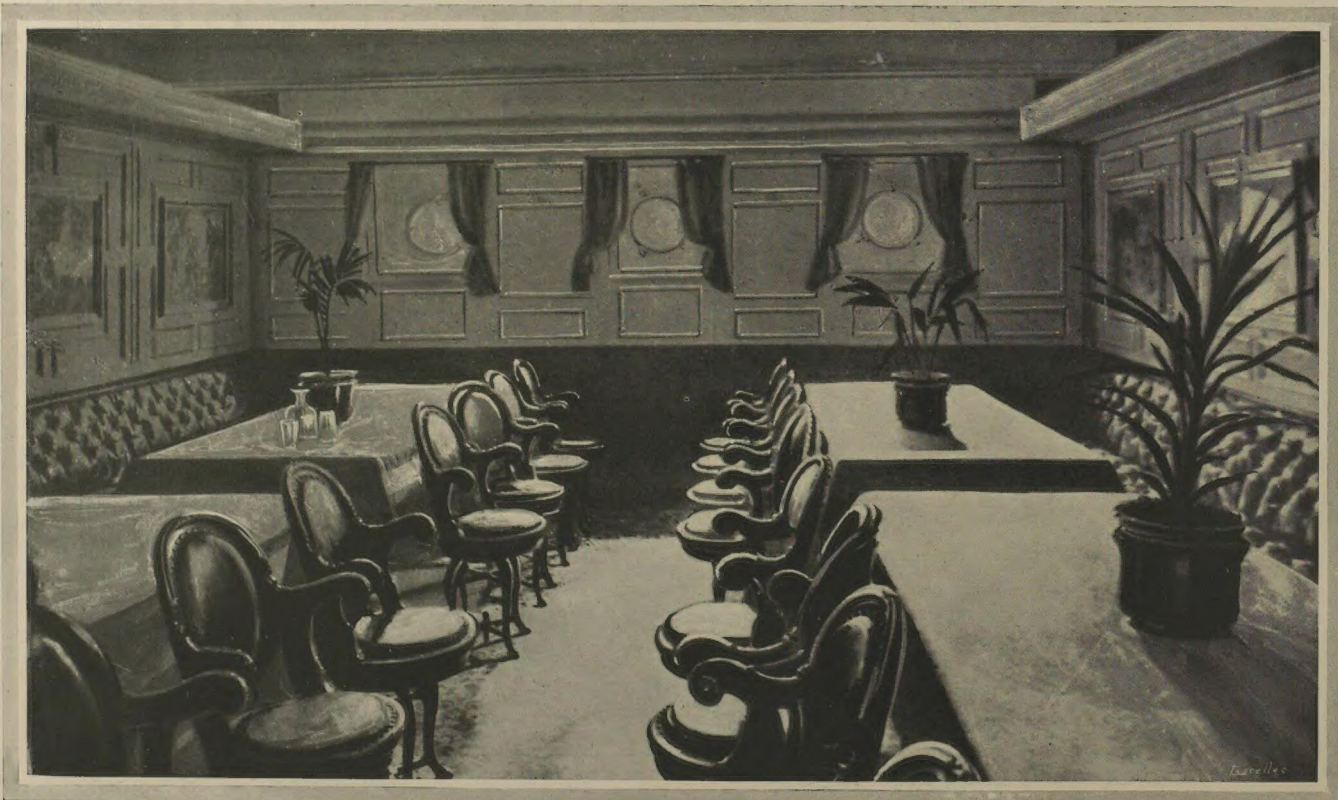
games. On deck could be pursued the customary deck-sports; below there was a special room for music, and provision for card-playing and other indoor recreations. The furnishing and appointments of the saloons resembled those of a luxurious club. Three months after her maiden voyage across the Atlantic the "Empress of Ireland" broke the record for the Liverpool-Montréal passage by six hours, completing the journey in 6 days, 7 hours, 20 minutes. She carried boats for all, and, of course, life-belts for all.



## COMFORT ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": DINING SALOONS.



SHOWING PRIVATE ALCOVES AND MAIN TABLES: THE DINING-SALOON.



SPECIALLY RESERVED FOR CHILDREN: A FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

As we note elsewhere, under other illustrations dealing with somewhat similar subjects, the "Empress of Ireland" was admirably fitted for all its classes of passengers. A correspondent of the "Times" put it the other day: "The writer, who has himself crossed in the 'Empress of Ireland,' had special facilities afforded him of inspecting the arrangements for the accommodation of emigrants, and cannot speak too highly of the

great care taken by the Company to make every proper provision for the poorest, as well as for the most wealthy passengers. Indeed, at the time of the construction of the two 'Empress' vessels the question of the third-class passengers marked a new and much better era in the treatment of persons belonging to the emigrant class." The "Empress of Ireland," it may be recalled, was a sister-ship to the "Empress of Britain."



## CHILDREN ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND: PLAYING AT "SEA-SIDE."

DRAWN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY S. BEGG.



ON THE GREAT LINER SUNK IN THE ST. LAWRENCE: YOUNGSTERS IN THE SAND-PIT OF THE SHIP.

Amongst those lost on the "Empress of Ireland" were a number of children, and the tragedy of this is brought home by such a picture as that given above, which, as we have noted, shows youngsters playing in that sand-pit which was a feature common to the "Empress of Ireland" and her sister-ship, the "Empress of Britain." The records of the disaster are still incomplete, but two little girls from Toronto, for example, were saved, both because they could swim. Other children were less fortunate,

and there is the pathetic paragraph: "One of the saddest sights at Rimouski Pier is the number of children among the dead. Babies in arms and boys and girls of eight or nine years of age were there. Near one of the doors was a little girl of, perhaps, ten years old. Her brown hair was quite dry and blew across her face. Just beside her was a young mother, some twenty-five years old, with her little baby clasped tight in her arms close to her breast."



# THE GREATEST DISASTER SINCE THE "TITANIC" WAS SUNK BY ICE.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" AND THE COLLIER "STORSTAD":  
A PICTURE DIAGRAM.

All judgment as to the responsibility for the terrible disaster in the St. Lawrence has to be suspended until after the official inquiry, which, it is understood, will begin at Quebec on June 9. Meantime, it should be noted that there are discrepancies between the narratives of Captain Kendall, of the "Empress of Ireland," and Captain Andersen, of the "Storstad." In connection with this drawing, which does not pretend to be strictly to scale, it may be noted that Captain Kendall said: "I saw a slight fog-bank coming gradually from the land, and knew that it was going to pass between the steamer and myself. The 'Storstad' was about two miles away at the time. Then the fog

came, and the steamer's lights disappeared. I rang full-speed astern on my engines and stopped the ship. . . . I . . . saw that my ship was stopped. . . ." The statement made on behalf of Captain Andersen says, on the other hand, that before the collision the "Storstad's" engines were reversed at full-speed and "headway was nearly checked when the vessels came together"; also that the collier's engines were afterwards ordered ahead to hold her bow against the side of the "Empress of Ireland," but that "the headway of the 'Empress of Ireland' . . . swung the 'Storstad' around in such a way as to twist the 'Storstad's' bow out of the hole and to bend the bow itself over to port."



## JOY ON A SHIP OF TRAGIC MEMORY: ABOARD THE SUNKEN LINER.

DRAWN, FROM A SKETCH AND PHOTOGRAPHS, BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



### RECREATION TO WHICH MANY PASSENGERS MUST HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD BEFORE THE END CAME : IN THE MUSIC-SALOON OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

Like our illustration of children playing in the sand-pit of the "Empress of Ireland," this picture of a scene in the music-saloon of the liner brings home vividly the tragedy on the St. Lawrence. To such recreation as this the passengers must have been looking forward be'ore the end came for so many of them. In this connection, it may be added that when the ship took the Duke of Connaught to Canada it was written : "Although

a number of fine vessels have been put on the Canadian route in the last few years, the twin 'Empresses' still deserve all the admiration that they won years ago. Their internal arrangements are superb." And it may be noted as an obvious fact that every proper provision was made for the poorest as well as for the wealthiest of the passengers. The "Empress of Ireland" was launched in 1906.



## WHERE PILOT WAS DROPPED; AND INQUEST HELD: BY THE ST. LAWRENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORREAU.



WHERE THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" DROPPED HER PILOT AND THE FIRST WIRELESS NEWS OF THE DISASTER WAS RECEIVED:  
AT FATHER POINT, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



IN THE TOWN WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF THE INQUEST ON THE BODIES OF SOME OF THOSE DROWNED BY THE SINKING  
OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": A STREET IN RIMOUSKI.

According to a "Times" special correspondent at Father Point, the "Empress of Ireland" passed Father Point and landed her pilot at half-past one o'clock in the morning. Twenty minutes later the correspondent was awakened by an "S.O.S." ring on his door-bell, and, rushing downstairs, was informed by a Marconi operator that the "Empress of Ireland" was sinking. It will be remembered that the first official account issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and mentioned elsewhere in this issue, stated

that the collision between the liner and the collier "Storstad" took place at 2.30 in the morning. It was from Father Point that the Government steamer "Eureka" dashed to the scene of the disaster; and from Rimouski Wharf that the "Lady Evelyn" set out. The "Eureka" arrived at Father Point Wharf with survivors and bodies at about 3 a.m. and proceeded to Rimouski Wharf, which she reached about an hour later. Rimouski, town and watering-place, is on the right bank of the St. Lawrence.



# THE GREAT DISASTER: FATHER POINT; RESCUE-SHIPS; AND LINER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, S. AND G., C.N., MOREAU, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. WHERE THE "EUREKA" WAS SEEN TO HAVE SURVIVORS AND BODIES ABOARD: FATHER POINT WHARF.
2. THE MAN WHO RECEIVED THE "S.O.S." CALL FROM THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": MR. WHITESIDE, MANAGER OF THE MARCONI SECTION AT FATHER POINT.
3. HURRIED TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AND IN TIME TO RESCUE SOME SURVIVORS AND PICK UP BODIES: THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STEAMER, "THE EUREKA."

So soon as it became known that the "Empress of Ireland" and the "Storstad" had been in collision, the manager of the Marconi station at Father Point notified the Canadian Government steamers "Eureka," at Father Point Wharf, and "Lady Evelyn," at Rimouski Wharf. Neither vessel lost a moment in setting out to the rescue, but the "S.O.S." from the doomed ship had ceased even before they could start, so little

4. HURRIED TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AND IN TIME TO RESCUE SOME SURVIVORS AND PICK UP BODIES: THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STEAMER "LADY EVELYN."
5. RECEIVER OF THE FIRST "S.O.S." NEWS FROM THE SINKING "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": THE MARCONI WIRELESS STATION AT FATHER POINT.
6. CLOSE TO THE SPOT AT WHICH SHE SANK AFTER COLLISION WITH THE "STORSTAD": THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR RIMOUSKI.

time was there to call for help. When they did reach the scene of the disaster, dashing through fog, the "Empress of Ireland" had disappeared. Later the "Eureka" returned with thirty-two survivors and some bodies, and the "Lady Evelyn" about an hour later with more survivors and bodies. The "Eureka" and "Lady Evelyn" had steam up, as they had lately conveyed the mails to the "Empress of Ireland."



# THE ILL-FATED LINER'S "SISTER" IN COLLISION WITH A COLLIER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE VERY REV. DR. BURKE AND MR. HIBBERT.



1. AFTER HAVING HUNG ON THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN'S" BOWS FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR "LIKE A PAIR OF EYE-GLASSES ACROSS A MAN'S NOSE": THE COLLIER "HELVETIA" SINKING, IN 1912.
2. SHORTLY AFTER THE COLLISION: THE DAMAGED "HELVETIA" SEEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"—PASSENGERS LOOKING ON.

When it is remembered that the liner "Empress of Ireland" was in collision with the collier "Storstad," it is interesting to note the remarkable coincidence that the "Empress of Ireland's" sister-ship, the "Empress of Britain," was in collision with the collier "Helvetia," in a heavy fog-bank, very close to the scene of the disaster of the other day, on the afternoon of July 27, 1912. In that case, the "Empress of Britain" limped into port with bows smashed and a deep gash in her stem; and the collier sank almost

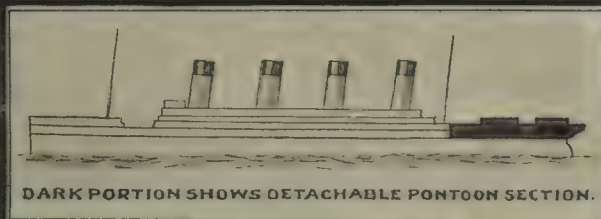
3. LOWERING BOATS FROM THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE COLLIER.
4. THE END OF THE COLLIER: THE "HELVETIA" SINKING.
5. WHEN THE COLLIER RESTED ON THE LINER'S BOWS: LOOKING ON TO THE "HELVETIA" FROM THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN."

immediately after having been disengaged with difficulty from the liner's bows, on which she had been held for over half-an-hour, "like," it has been said, "a pair of eye-glasses across a man's nose." The Court of Inquiry at Quebec found that the blame for the mishap rested with the captain of the "Empress of Britain" for steaming too fast for the weather conditions. They did not, however, suspend the captain's certificate, owing to his very fine record.



# THE SAVING OF PASSENGERS: A DETACHABLE SHIP UPON A SHIP.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



DARK PORTION SHOWS DETACHABLE PONTON SECTION.

## THE UPPER DECKS OF THE AFTER-PORTION OF A VESSEL AFLOAT AFTER THE SHIP OF WHICH THEY WERE A PART HAS SUNK: A SUGGESTED PONTON METHOD OF SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

Both after the "Titanic" disaster and again now since the sinking of the "Empress of Ireland," suggestions have been made that vessels should be fitted with detachable rafts or pontoons which, in the event of the ship sinking, would come away and remain afloat as a refuge for those in the water. In the case of the "Empress of Ireland" the fact that the vessel lay for some time nearly flat on her starboard side, and that numbers of people were standing on the upraised port side, and slid down it into the sea when the final plunge came, seems to indicate the possibility of some such device. We illustrate a suggestion of this kind which appeared in the pages of the "Scientific

American," where it is thus described: "We present . . . the outlines of a design in which the upper decks of the after portion of the ship, astern of the midship structure, are utilised. . . . The pontoon extends for a depth of two decks, covers the full width of the ship, and reaches from the midship superstructure to the after-rail. . . . The problem of securing this pontoon in place would not be so difficult as might be supposed. It could be done in several ways. . . . A double-deck pontoon, with its deck-houses of the size shown, would be sufficient to accommodate, in an emergency, the whole of the passengers and crew of a ship of the size of the 'Titanic.'"



## VAIN VIGIL FOR MANY: AT THE LIVERPOOL OFFICE OF THE C.P.R.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU



CLAMOURING FOR NEWS OF THOSE ABOARD THE ILL-FATED LINER "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": THE CROWD AT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S OFFICE IN LIVERPOOL.



WAITING TO READ THE NOTICE BEING POSTED UP: THE EAGER CROWD OF NEWS-SEEKERS OUTSIDE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S LIVERPOOL OFFICE AFTER THE DISASTER.

From the moment of the first rumour that the "Empress of Ireland" had met disaster, eager crowds thronged the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Liverpool and in London. London was chiefly concerned with the list of passengers; Liverpool, more especially, with the list of the crew, for the crew of the ill-fated liner was made up principally of men of Liverpool, Bootle, and Birkenhead. Wives and mothers, brothers

and sisters, and other relatives, hastened to await news. As in London, matters were made more trying by the exceedingly circumstantial statement made at one time that no lives had been lost, a report, as all the world knows, which was speedily to be denied. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool has opened a relief fund on behalf of the sufferers, as has the Lord Mayor of London.



## VAIN VIGIL FOR MANY: AT THE LONDON OFFICE OF THE C.P.R.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI.



SCANNING THE FATEFUL LISTS FOR NEWS: RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF PASSENGERS' ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"  
MAKING INQUIRIES AT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY OFFICES IN COCKSPUR STREET.

After the news of the disaster to the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Ireland" was received in London, the Company's offices in Cockspur Street remained open day and night for the purpose of giving information to friends and relatives of those on board the vessel, and the staff showed the utmost consideration and sympathy in answering inquiries. Besides the large number of personal visitors, there were incessant calls through the telephone. As always on such occasions, there were many pathetic scenes.

One aged lady in mourning came at interval throughout the night to ask after seven relatives on the vessel, and it is believed that not even one of them was among the saved. There were also occasional scenes of thankfulness, as when one girl, finding a beloved name in the list of saved, gave way to tears of joy. The differences of temperament among the inquirers were noticeable: some sat patiently waiting for hours; while others walked restlessly about. Over all there was a deep sense of tragedy.



# ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": SOME OF THE LOST, AND OTHERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. WALTER HARNETT, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, "DAILY SKETCH," AND FOULDS AND HIBBERD, LIVERPOOL.



1. MRS. HART BENNETT, OF NASSAU (DROWNED).

2. ON THE DECK OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": CHIEF-OFFICER M. R. STEEDE (DROWNED).

3. MRS. PALMER (DROWNED), WIFE OF MR. W. LEONARD PALMER, OF THE "FINANCIAL NEWS."

4. MR. AND MRS. L. H. LONGLEY AND CHILD (DROWNED).

5. MR. AND MRS. ERNEST ELLIOTT, AND ONE OF THEIR CHILDREN (ALL DROWNED).

6. MRS. R. BIRCH AND HER LITTLE BOY, WHO WERE ON A HOLIDAY TRIP (BOTH DROWNED).

7. MASTER BRUCE ELLIOTT (DROWNED), SON OF MR. AND MRS. ERNEST ELLIOTT.

8. THE NATIONAL STAFF BAND OF THE SALVATION ARMY (MANY DROWNED), WHO WERE AMONG THE 171 SALVATIONISTS (OF WHOM ONLY 26 WERE SAVED) ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

9. SECOND-OFFICER R. WILLIAMS, OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" (DROWNED).



# LOST WITH THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": NOTABLE PASSENGERS DROWNED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLEARF, PHOTO PRESS, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, THIRLWELL, HASSANO.



1. COMMISSIONER DAVID REES, OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA: WHO WAS ON HIS WAY, WITH THE OTHER SALVATIONISTS, TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS IN LONDON.
2. ADJUTANT W. STITT, IN CHARGE OF THE NATIONAL STAFF BAND OF THE SALVATION ARMY, AND MRS. STITT.
3. MRS. REES (FORMERLY MISS RUTH BABINGTON), WIFE OF COMMISSIONER DAVID REES, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, WHO HAD THREE CHILDREN WITH HER.

4. CAPTAIN GUIDO WHATMORE, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, SON OF COMMISSIONER WHATMORE, OF STOKE NEWINGTON.
5. MRS. NEVILLE, WIFE OF MR. HAROLD NEVILLE, OF MR. LAURENCE IRVING'S COMPANY.
6. MISS ISABEL STAGE.
7. COLONEL SYDNEY MAIDMENT, CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA.

8. MR. W. LEONARD PALMER, OF THE "FINANCIAL NEWS," A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST, WHO WAS RETURNING, WITH HIS WIFE, FROM A LITERARY AND BUSINESS TOUR IN CANADA.
9. MR. G. H. BOLTON, A NATIVE OF BROMLEY, KENT.
10. BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. H. WALKER, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN "WAR CRY."
11. MR. HAROLD NEVILLE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, OF MR. LAURENCE IRVING'S COMPANY.



## CONFLICTING VIEWS OF THE COLLISION: CAPTAIN ANDERSEN'S.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.



## THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ANDERSEN, OF THE "STORSTAD."

"(1) The vessels sighted one another when far apart. The 'Empress of Ireland' was seen off the port bow of the 'Storstad.' The green (starboard) light of the 'Empress of Ireland' was visible to those on board the 'Storstad.' Under these circumstances the rules of navigation gave to the 'Storstad' the right of way. The heading of the 'Empress of Ireland' was then changed in such a manner as to put the vessels into such a position as to pass safely. Shortly after, the fog enveloped first the 'Empress of Ireland' and then the 'Storstad.' The 'Storstad's' engines were at once slowed and then stopped. Her heading remained unaltered. Whistles from the 'Empress of Ireland' were heard on the 'Storstad's' port bow and answered. The 'Empress of Ireland' was then seen through the fog close at hand on the port bow of the 'Storstad.' She was showing a green light and making considerable headway. (2) The engine of the 'Storstad' were at once reversed at full speed and headway was nearly checked when

the vessels came together. It has been said that the 'Storstad' should not have backed out of the hole made by the collision. She did not do so. As the vessels came together the engines were ordered ahead for the purpose of holding her bow against the side of the 'Empress of Ireland,' thus preventing the entrance of water into either vessel. (3) The headway of the 'Empress of Ireland,' however, swung the 'Storstad' around in such a way as to twist the 'Storstad's' bow out of the hole and to bend the bow itself over to port. The 'Empress of Ireland' at once disappeared in the fog. The 'Storstad' sounded her whistle repeatedly in an effort to locate the 'Empress of Ireland,' but could obtain no indication of her whereabouts until cries were heard. The 'Storstad' then manoeuvred as close to the 'Empress of Ireland' as was safe in view of the danger of injury to persons already in the water. The 'Storstad' at once lowered every one of her boats. . . . About 350 persons were taken aboard."—The "Times."



## CONFLICTING VIEWS OF THE COLLISION: CAPTAIN KENDALL'S.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



## THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KENDALL, OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

"The pilot was dropped at Father Point. We then proceeded at full speed. (1) After passing the gas buoy at Cock Point I sighted the steamer 'Storstad,' it then being clear. The 'Storstad' was then about 1.12 degrees on my starboard bow. At that time I saw a slight fog-bank coming gradually from the land, and knew that it was going to pass between the steamer and myself. The 'Storstad' was about two miles away at the time. Then the fog came, and the steamer's lights disappeared. I rang full-speed astern on my engines and stopped the ship. At the same time I blew three short blasts on the steamer's whistle, meaning, 'I am going full-speed astern.' After that he answered me with his whistle, giving one prolonged blast. I then looked over the side of my ship into the water and saw that my ship was stopped. I stopped the engines and blew two long blasts, meaning that my ship was under way, but had stopped, and had no way upon her. He answered me again with one prolonged blast.

The sound then seemed to come from about four points upon my starboard bow. It was foggy, and I looked to the point where the sound came from. About two minutes after I saw his red and green lights. He was then about one ship's length from me. I shouted to him through a megaphone to go full-speed astern, as I saw that the danger of a collision was inevitable. (2) At the same time I put my engines full-speed ahead with my helm hard aport, with the object of avoiding if possible the shock. Almost at the same time he came and cut me right in, and cut me down in a line between the funnels.' (3) Captain Kendall also said he asked the steamer to keep full-speed ahead so as to fill up the hole made, but she backed away and the 'Empress of Ireland' began to fill rapidly and sink. 'I am almost certain,' he added, 'that if the 'Storstad' had stuck to us we could have reached shore.' . . . Distress signals were sent out. The ship, however, sank in fifteen minutes."—The "Times."



# THE COLLIER WHICH COLLIDED WITH THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND," AND SANK HER IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

DRAWN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.O.I., R.I.



IN COLLISION WITH THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" ON MAY 29; AND SEIZED BY ADMIRALTY COURT OFFICERS AT MONTREAL: THE "STORSTAD" (6028 TONS), OF CHRISTIANIA, WHICH WAS ON HER WAY TO QUEBEC

The collier "Storstad," which was in collision with the "Empress of Ireland" with such tragic consequences, belongs to Christiania, and is a steel screw-steamer of 6028 tons register, built by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., at Newcastle, four years ago. At the time of the disaster she was on her way to Quebec, with 11,000 tons of coal. She arrived at Montreal on May 31, flying the Norwegian flag at half-mast, and it was possible to see a rent in her bows, fully thirty feet long. She was seized by the Admiralty Court Officers on behalf of the Canadian Pacific Railway, owners of the "Empress of Ireland," for an alleged debt of £400,000. A writ tacked up on the bridge stated that she had been seized

COURT OFFICERS AT MONTREAL: THE "STORSTAD" (6028 TONS), OF CHRISTIANIA, WHICH WAS WITH 11,000 TONS OF COAL.

on an action for two million dollars for damages suffered by the Canadian Pacific Railway as the result of collision with the "Empress of Ireland." Beside this was a summons commanding the appearance of the captain within a week. Later, an official statement was issued on behalf of Captain Andersen; this is dealt with on another page of our issue. The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the disaster consist of Lord Mersey (formerly Mr. Justice Bigham, President of the Admiralty Division), who was President of the Court inquiring into the loss of the "Titanic"; Sir Adolphe Routhier, late of the Quebec Admiralty Court; and Chief Justice McLeod, of New Brunswick, Judge of the Admiralty Court of that province.



# THE LESSON OF THE COLLISION.

By JOSEPH CONRAD,

Author of "Typhoon," "Chance," "Twixt Land and Sea," "The Mirror of the Sea," "Nostromo, a Tale of the Seaboard," etc.

THE loss of the *Empress of Ireland* awakens feelings somewhat different from those the sinking of the *Titanic* had called up on two continents. The grief for the lost and the sympathy for the survivors and the bereaved are the same; but there is not, and there cannot be, the same undercurrent of indignation. The good ship that is gone (I remember reading of her launch something like eight years ago) had not been ushered in with the beat of the big drum as the chief wonder of the world of waters. The company who owned her had no agents, authorised or unauthorised, giving boastful interviews about her unsinkability (mostly in the States, I must say) to newspaper reporters ready to swallow any sort of trade statement if only sensational enough for their readers—readers as ignorant as themselves of the realities of things outside the commonest experience of the man in the street.

No; there was nothing of that in her case. The company was content to have as fine, staunch, seaworthy a ship as the technical knowledge of that time could make her. In fact, she was as safe a ship as 999 ships out of any 1000 now afloat upon the sea. No; whatever sorrow one can feel, one does not feel indignation. This was not an accident of a very boastful marine transportation; this was a real casualty of the sea. The indignation of the New South Wales Premier flashed telegraphically to Canada is perfectly uncalculated-for. That statesman, whose sympathy for poor mates and seamen is so suspect to me that I wouldn't take it at fifty per cent. discount, does not seem to know that a British Court of Marine Inquiry, ordinary or extraordinary, is not a contrivance for catching scapegoats. I, who have been seaman, mate, and master for twenty years, holding my certificate under the Board of Trade, may safely say that none of us ever felt in danger of unfair treatment from a Court of Inquiry. It is a perfectly impartial tribunal which has never punished seamen for the faults of shipowners—as, indeed, it could not do even if it wanted to. And there is another thing the angry Premier of New South Wales does not know. It is this: that for a ship to float for fifteen minutes after receiving such a blow by a bare stem on her bare side is not so bad.

She took a tremendous list which made the minutes of grace vouchsafed her of not much use for the saving of lives. But for that neither her owners nor her officers are responsible. It would have been wonderful if she had not listed with such a hole in her side. Even the *Aquitania* with such an opening in her outer hull would be bound to take a list. I don't say this with the intention of disparaging this latest "triumph of marine architecture"—to use the consecrated phrase. She is a magnificent ship. I believe she would bear her people unscathed through ninety-nine per cent. of all possible accidents of the sea. But suppose a collision out on the ocean involving damage as extensive as this one was, and suppose then a gale of wind coming on. Even the *Aquitania* would not be quite seaworthy, for she would not be manageable.

But perhaps even that danger has been guarded against—I have read but very summary descriptions of that ship. Perhaps she is proof against collisions, strandings, stress of weather—the very fire from heaven could do her no harm. A thunderbolt falling on her foredeck would hardly disturb the gentlemen smoking in the delightful café at her after-end. Yet I don't know.

We have been accustoming ourselves to put our trust in material, technical skill, invention, and scientific contrivances to such an extent that we have come at last to believe that with these things we can overcome the immortal gods themselves. Hence when a disaster like this happens, besides the shock to our humane sentiments, there arises also a feeling of irritation, such as the hon. gentleman at the head of the New South Wales Government has discharged in a telegraphic flash upon the world.

But it is no use being angry and trying to hang a threat of penal servitude over the heads of the directors of shipping companies. You can't get the better of the immortal gods by the mere power of material contrivances. There will be neither scapegoats in this matter nor yet penal servitude for anyone. The Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company did not sell safety at sea to the people on board the *Empress of Ireland*. They never in the slightest degree pretended to do so. What they did was to sell them a sea-passage, giving very good value for the money. Nothing more. As long as men will travel on the water, the sea-gods will take their toll. They will

catch good seamen napping, or confuse their judgment by arts well known to them who go to sea, or overcome them by the sheer brutality of elemental forces. It seems to me that the resentful sea-gods never do sleep, and are never weary; wherein the seamen who are mere mortals condemned to unending vigilance are no match for them.

And yet it is right that the responsibility should be fixed. It is the fate of men that even in their contests with the immortal gods they must render an account of their conduct. Life at sea is the life in which, simple as it is, you can't afford to make mistakes.

With whom the mistake lies here, is not for me to say. I see that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has expressed his opinion of Captain Kendall's absolute innocence. This statement, premature as it is, does him honour, for I don't suppose for a moment that the thought of the material issue involved in the verdict of the Court of Inquiry influenced him in the least. I don't suppose that he is more impressed by the writ for 2,000,000 dollars nailed (or more likely pasted) to the foremast of the Norwegian than I am, who don't believe that the *Storstad* is worth 2,000,000 shillings. This is merely a move of commercial law, and even the whole majesty of the British Empire (so finely invoked by the Sheriff) cannot squeeze more than a very moderate quantity of blood out of a stone. Sir Thomas, in his confident pronouncement, stands loyally by a loyal and distinguished servant of his company.

This thing has to be investigated yet, and it is not proper for me to express my opinion, though I have one, in this place and at this time. But I need not conceal my sympathy with the vehement protestations of Captain Andersen. A charge of neglect and indifference in the matter of saving lives is the cruellest blow that can be aimed at the character of a seaman worthy of the name. On the face of the facts as known up to now the charge does not seem to be true. If upwards of three hundred people have been, as stated in the last reports, saved by the *Storstad*, then that ship must have been at hand and rendering all the service in her power.

As to the point which must come up for the decision of the Court of Inquiry, it is as fine as a hair. The two ships saw each other plainly enough before the fog closed on them. No one can question Captain Kendall's prudence. He has been as prudent as ever he could be. There is not a shadow of doubt as to that.

But there is this question: Accepting the position of the two ships when they saw each other as correctly described in the very latest newspaper reports, it seems clear that it was the *Empress of Ireland's* duty to keep clear of the collier, and what the Court will have to decide is whether the stopping of the liner was, under the circumstances, the best way of keeping her clear of the other, who had the right to proceed cautiously on an unchanged course.

That, reduced to its simplest expression, is the question which the Court will have to decide.

And now, apart from all problems of manoeuvring, of rules of the road, of the judgment of the men in command, away from their possible errors and from the points the Court will have to decide, if we ask ourselves what it was that was needed to avert this disaster costing so many lives, spreading so much sorrow, and to a certain point shocking the public conscience—if we ask that question, what is the answer to be?

I can give it—but I dare hardly set it down. Yes; what was it that was needed, what ingenious combinations of shipbuilding, what transverse bulkheads, what skill, what genius—how much expense in money and trained thinking, what learned contriving, to avert that disaster?

To save that ship, all these lives, so much anguish for the dying, and so much grief for the bereaved, all that was needed in this particular case in the way of science, money, ingenuity, and seamanship was one man and one cork-fender.

Yes; one man, a quartermaster, an able seaman that would know how to jump to an order and was not an excitable fool. In my time at sea there was no lack of men in British ships who could jump to an order and were not excitable fools. As to the so-called cork-fender, it is a sort of soft balloon made from a net of thick rope rather more than a foot in diameter. It is such a long time since I have indented for cork-fenders that I don't remember how much these things cost apiece—thirty shillings or less, perhaps. And one

of them, hung judiciously over the side at the end of its lanyard by a man who knew what he was about, would have saved from destruction the ship and upwards of a thousand lives.

Two men with two fenders would have been better, but even the use of one would have made all the difference between a very damaging accident and downright disaster. By the time the cork-fender had been squeezed between the liner's side and the bluff of the *Storstad's* bow, the effect of the latter's reversed propeller would have been produced, and the ships would have come apart with no more damage than, perhaps, bulged or started plates, and that above the water-line too, not enough to cause a leak—let alone a sinking! Wasn't there lying about on that liner's bridge, fitted with all sorts of scientific contrivances, a couple of simple and effective cork-fenders—or on board of that Norwegian either? There must have been, since one ship was just out of a dock or harbour and the other just arriving. That is the time, if ever, when cork-fenders are lying about a ship's decks. And there was plenty of time to use them, and exactly in the conditions in which such fenders are effectively used. The water was as smooth as in any dock; one ship was motionless, the other just moving at what may be called dock-speed when entering, leaving, or shifting berths; and from the moment the collision was seen to be unavoidable till the actual contact a whole minute elapsed. A minute—an age under the circumstances. And no one thought of the homely expedient of dropping a simple, unpretending cork-fender between the destructive stem and the defenceless side!

Nothing more was needed. I assure my readers that I say this with absolute conviction, and that I am talking of something I know. I appeal confidently to all the seamen in the still United Kingdom, from his Majesty the King (who has been really at sea) to the youngest intelligent A.B. in any ship that will dock next tide in the ports of this realm, whether I am not right. I have followed the sea for more than twenty years; I have seen collisions; I have been involved in a collision myself; and I repeat emphatically that in the case under consideration this little thing would have made all that enormous difference—the difference between some slight damage and an appalling disaster.

Many letters have been written to the Press on the subject of collisions. I have seen some. They contain many suggestions, valuable and otherwise; but there is only one which hits the nail on the head. It is a letter to the *Times* from a retired Captain of the Royal Navy. It is printed in small type, but it deserved to be printed in letters of gold and crimson. The writer suggests that all steamers should be obliged by law to carry hung over their stem what we at sea call a "pudding."

This solution of the problem is as wonderful in its simplicity as the celebrated trick of Columbus's egg: it is infinitely more useful to mankind. A "pudding" is a thing something like a bolster of stout rope-net stuffed with old junk, but much thicker in the middle than at the ends. It can be seen on almost every tug working in our docks. It is, in fact, a fixed cork-fender always in position where presumably it would do most good. Had the *Storstad* carried such a "pudding" proportionate to her size (say, two feet diameter in the thickest part) across her stem, and hung just a little above the level of her hawse-pipes, there would have been an accident certainly, and some repair-work for the nearest ship-yard, but there would have been no loss of life to deplore.

It seems almost too simple to be true, but I assure you that the statement is as true as anything can be. We shall see whether the lesson will be taken to heart. We shall see. There is a Commission of learned men sitting to consider the subject of saving life at sea. They are discussing bulkheads, boats, davits, manning, navigation, but I am willing to bet that not one of them has thought of the humble "pudding." They can make what rules they like. We shall see if, with that disaster calling aloud to them, they will make the rule that every steam-ship should carry a permanent fender across her stem, from two to four feet in diameter in its thickest part in proportion to the size of the ship. But perhaps they may think the thing too rough and unsightly for this scientific and æsthetic age. It certainly won't look very pretty; but I make bold to say it will save more lives at sea than any amount of the Marconi installations which are being forced on the ship-owners on that very ground—the safety of lives at sea.

We shall see!



## LOOKING OUT FOR DANGER AT SEA: THE EYES OF THE LINER



READY TO ANNOUNCE SUCH RISKS OF THE OCEAN AS VESSELS IN DANGER OF COLLIDING, DERELICTS, AND ICEBERGS:  
IN THE LOFTY CROW'S NEST OF A GREAT PASSENGER-SHIP.

It need not be said that the greatest precautions are taken to guard against such dangers of sea-going as those which destroyed the "Titanic" and caused the sinking of the "Empress of Ireland." They that go down to the sea in ships must, of course, run some risks—collisions with other vessels or with derelicts, collisions with icebergs, among them—but everything that is humanly possible is done to lessen such risks. First and foremost, perhaps, there is the look-out; then there is the wireless, and often, as in the case of the "Empress of Ireland," there is the submarine telephone signalling-

apparatus. By a somewhat dramatic coincidence it was announced in the London papers on the morning of the disaster to the Canadian Pacific liner that the provisions of a new Bill included a new wireless-telegraphy call, "the safety signal," to be used by the wireless stations which have to transmit to ships urgent information of icebergs, derelicts, approaching storms, or other dangers; and also a note that the master of a British ship shall report by wireless telegraphy or otherwise as soon as possible any dangerous ice or derelict or any other imminent danger to navigation.







# SUNK IN THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE WHILE ON HER WAY TO LIVERPOOL: THE ILL-FATED LINER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU

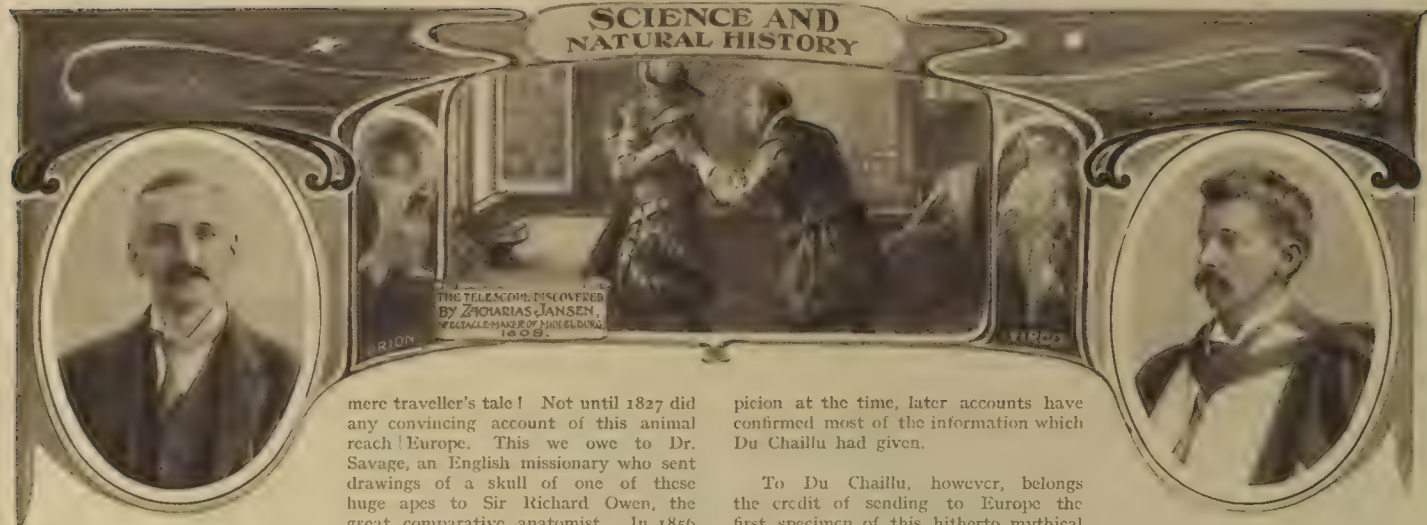


## "STRUCK AMIDSHIPS VITAL SPOT" OFF FATHER POINT: THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"—WHICH HAD SOME 1367 SOULS ABOARD.

During the afternoon of May 29, the following notice was posted in the windows of the Canadian Pacific Railway office in London:—"Notice to the Public.—We are deeply distressed to have to announce that at 2.30 this morning the 'Empress of Ireland,' homeward bound from Canada, was in collision with the collier 'Storstad,' off Father Point, in St. Lawrence River. She sank immediately. Two steamers were at once on the scene. A large number of passengers were picked up and landed at Rimouski. This is the extent of the information so far. Further particulars will be advised to the public as received." Later, it was known that Captain

Kendall had sent a wireless telegram to Captain Walsh, the C.P.R.'s marine superintendent there, saying: "'Empress of Ireland,' stopped dense fog, struck amidships vital spot by collier 'Storstad.'" It was feared from the first that many had lost their lives: then came the report that all had been saved. This was subsequently denied, and it was clear that a great disaster had occurred, equalled only by the sinking of the "Titanic," which, it seems hardly necessary to recall, sank after striking an iceberg in mid-Atlantic on April 11, 1912, during her maiden voyage. The number of lives lost in the "Titanic" disaster, was 1503.



SCIENCE AND  
NATURAL HISTORY

PROFESSOR E. G. COKER, M.A.,  
D.SC., M.I.C.E.

Professor Coker has been appointed to the Chair of Civil and Mechanical Engineering in the University of London, tenable at University College. He was educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge, and was once in the service of the London and North Western Railway. He is President-elect of the Engineering Section of the British Association this year.

Photograph by Bassano.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## AN AFRICAN CALIPAN.

It is popularly supposed, even to-day, that, according to Darwin, man is a descendant of the monkeys. But let those who feel hurt at the idea console themselves with the fact that he said nothing of the kind. What he did say was that man and the apes were descendants of a common stock: which is a very different thing. Huxley, years ago, endeavoured to set this misconception right in his delightful "Man's Place in Nature"; yet so deeply rooted was the original idea that he failed to reassure the non-scientific readers of his time. His son relates how, his father, near the end of his life, saw Carlyle walking slowly; and alone, down the opposite side of the street, and, touched by his solitary appearance, crossed over and spoke to him. The old man looked at him, and merely remarking, "You're Huxley, aren't you? the man that says we are all descended from monkeys," went on his way, giving Huxley no chance of explaining matters, or of protesting against the imaginary sin of his old friend being thrust upon his shoulders. A more careful, less prejudiced, perusal of what Huxley said would have set the old man's mind at rest, and spared him this unmannerly response to a kindly greeting.

Huxley was the first, in that wonderful book, to marshal the facts of man's descent in detail. He pointed out the striking resemblances between man and the higher apes, and especially the chimpanzee and the gorilla. And the mass of facts which has accumulated since he wrote has confirmed that comparison in every detail. In so far as the gorilla is concerned, we have yet much to learn, for this is the most untamable of the three great apes—the other two being the chimpanzee and the orang-utan.

The first hint of the existence of the gorilla dates back to the records of the English sailor Battel, more than three hundred years ago. He spoke of it as the Pongo. But the great Cuvier brushed his account aside as a

mere traveller's tale! Not until 1827 did any convincing account of this animal reach Europe. This we owe to Dr. Savage, an English missionary who sent drawings of a skull of one of these huge apes to Sir Richard Owen, the great comparative anatomist. In 1856 came extraordinary tales of the strength and ferocity of this creature from the traveller Du Chaillu. And though these accounts were received with some sus-

picion at the time, later accounts have confirmed most of the information which Du Chaillu had given.

To Du Chaillu, however, belongs the credit of sending to Europe the first specimen of this hitherto mythical beast. This specimen was dispatched to the British Museum in spirits, and till a few days ago might still be seen in the upper mammal gallery of that

DR. JOHN BALL, F.R.G.S.

Dr. Ball was recently awarded the royal medal of the Royal Geographical Society for distinguished work in geographical science in Egypt. He is engaged in the Engineering and Geological Survey Department of the Egyptian Ministry of Finance, and has written various books on his subject, including "The Geography and Geology of South East Egypt." He is a native of Derby.

Photograph by Partridge.



ONE OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS YET SEEN IN EUROPE: THE NEW STUFFED GORILLA  
RECENTLY INSTALLED IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

"To Du Chaillu belongs the credit of sending to London the first specimen of this hitherto mythical beast. . . . This, however, has just been replaced by one of the finest specimens yet seen in Europe, both in regard to mounting, which was done in the Rowland Ward studios, and in regard to size. As it stands it measures 5 ft. 2 in., and has a chest girth of 4 ft. 7½ in. No other specimen yet seen has had so luxuriant a growth of hair on the head and shoulders, while the chest, as usual, is bare. The general conformation of the face probably bears a close approximation to that of our primitive forebears, such as the Piltdown Man. . . . It was obtained from the great forest region near to, and to the west of, Lake Tanganyika."

Photograph Specially Taken for 'The Illustrated London News.'

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The gorilla rarely assumes the upright position, and, when walking, progresses in a stooping position, supporting the weight of the body on the knuckles. In its colouration this specimen differs from all others yet seen, the body being quite black, save for a large "saddle" of grey. In the typical gorillas this grey colour pervades the whole of the hinder part of the body and legs. It was obtained from the great forest region near to, and to the west of, Lake Tanganyika, and it may be surmised, from the shaggy character of the hair of the head and shoulders, from the mountainous area of this forest.

Unlike his cousin, the chimpanzee, the gorilla will not endure captivity, being of a morose disposition, and extremely savage. Young animals have on several occasions been exhibited at the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, but they have never lived more than a week or two.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



## A MIDNIGHT BALL GIFT: A PICTURE BY A FAMOUS A.R.A.



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PRESENT FOR A FORTUNATE GUEST AT THE FORTHCOMING CHARITY BALL AT THE SAVOY  
IN AID OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND: "THE MORNING RIDE," BY JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

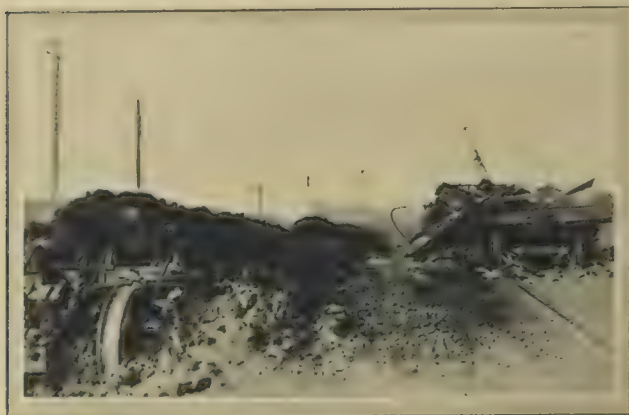
There is to be held at the Savoy, on June 25, what has been fairly called the amazing Midnight Ball, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. Thanks to a remarkable scheme organised by our contemporary, "The Sketch," this will have a feature which is unique. Every guest at it—that is to say, everyone who has bought a ticket giving admission to the ball and entitling to a champagne supper—will have, without further payment, a chance of receiving one of a splendid series of gifts whose total value is over £2500. "The Illustrated London News" is presenting, as one of these gifts, the very fine original painting from which the above reproduction was made. The picture is by that famous A.R.A., John Lavery, many examples of whose work, gathered together from galleries and private collections, are about to be shown at the Grosvenor Gallery. In addition to

this, there will be such gifts as a £600 Daimler motor-car; a fifty-guinea diamond-and-pearl pendant; a table of plate of like value; gowns each of the value of fifty guineas; a fifty-guinea dressing-bag; many pounds' worth of cigars and cigarettes; sports coats; a gramophone; suits for men; a fur coat; and so on, and so on. The tickets started at three guineas each, are now at four guineas, and will certainly reach a higher price, as so fine a charity is concerned. They can be obtained from Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C. We would again note that the price of such a ticket is for admission to the ball and for the champagne supper, that no charge is made in connection with "The Sketch" scheme of gifts; and that anyone attending the function will have the chance of receiving a valuable present.



# WROUGHT BY DEFENDERS AND ATTACKERS! TAMPICO DESTRUCTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIS.



SET ON FIRE DURING THE BATTLE OF TAMPICO: HEAPS OF BURNING COAL IN A GOODS YARD.



DESTROYED WHILE THE FEDERALS WERE DEFENDING TAMPICO AGAINST THE REBELS: A BURNT-OUT FREIGHT CAR ON THE RAILWAY.



SIGNS OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED IN TAMPICO BY THE REBEL ATTACK AND, IN PART, AT ALL EVENTS, BY SHELLS FROM FEDERAL GUN-BOATS DEFENDING THE TOWN! HAVOC ON ONE OF THE BIG OIL COMPANIES' WHARVES.



AWAITING THE REBEL ATTACK: FEDERAL TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES DURING THE BATTLE OF TAMPICO.



AWAITING THE REBEL ATTACK: FEDERAL TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES DURING THE BATTLE OF TAMPICO.

The capture of Tampico by the Mexican Rebels, or Constitutionalists, was first reported on May 11, when it was said that the most desperate battle of the whole revolution was raging there. Some of the oil wells and tanks were reported to be on fire, as well as a large portion of the town. The Rebel artillery, it was said, worked by the light of the glare from the blazing oil-tanks, sending shot after shot from their twenty field-guns into the Federal entrenchments in the centre of the town. For some time there was uncertainty as to the extent of the damage to the oil-wells, and it was feared that, unless

they were looked after, they would soon begin to pour oil into the Panuco river and that there would be a disastrous conflagration. At the same time, it was hoped that the Rebels, from self-interest, would protect the wells as much as possible. By May 14, no news of any great destruction of the oil-fields had reached Washington, and the United States Government undertook to impress on the Rebels the necessity of protecting property. The correspondent who sent us the photographs says the destruction shown was caused in part, at all events, by shells fired from the Federal gun-boats on the river.



## THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND'S" COMMANDER: A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ILL-FATED LINER, WHO WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP, BUT WAS SAVED AND TAKEN ABOARD THE COLLIDING VESSEL, THE "STORSTAD": CAPTAIN G. H. KENDALL.

Captain Kendall, the commander of the "Empress of Ireland," was born in Chelsea and is thirty-eight. Apprenticed to the sea in his early years, he made many voyages in sailing-vessels and then joined the Beaver Line. He was transferred to the Canadian Pacific Company when the two lines were amalgamated. As we have indicated, he has seen much service. "He was chief officer of the "Empress of India" before being promoted, in turn, to the command of the "Milwaukee," the "Monmouth," and the "Montrose." At the time of the disaster in the St. Lawrence he was making his first round trip in command of the "Empress of Ireland." He is married and lives at

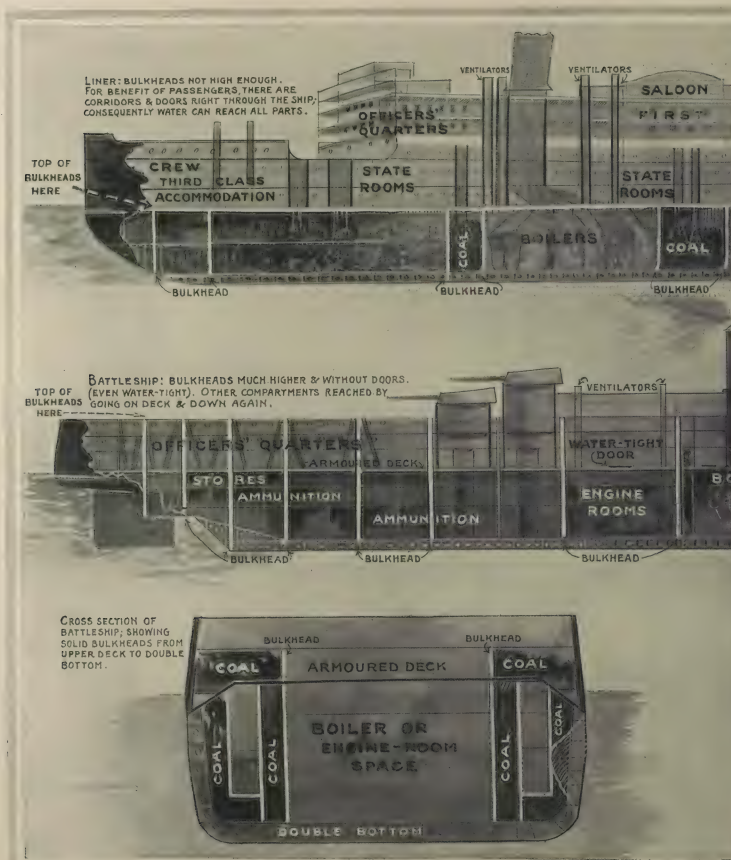
Blundellsands, near Liverpool. The man-in-the-street recalls him immediately for the part he played in the Crippen case. At that time he was in command of the "Montrose," aboard which Crippen went, as Mr. Robinson, with Miss Le Neve, dressed as a boy, as Master Robinson. Captain Kendall, noticing something unusual about the pair, got into conversation with them, and, later, sent a message by wireless to the London police. As a result, Crippen was arrested on the arrival of the ship at Father Point. Captain Kendall went down with the "Empress of Ireland," but came up, caught a piece of wreckage, and was rescued by a lifeboat.



# WILL THE LINER OF THE FUTURE BE MADE SAFER BY BULKHEADS LIKE THOSE OF THE MODERN BATTLE-SHIP?

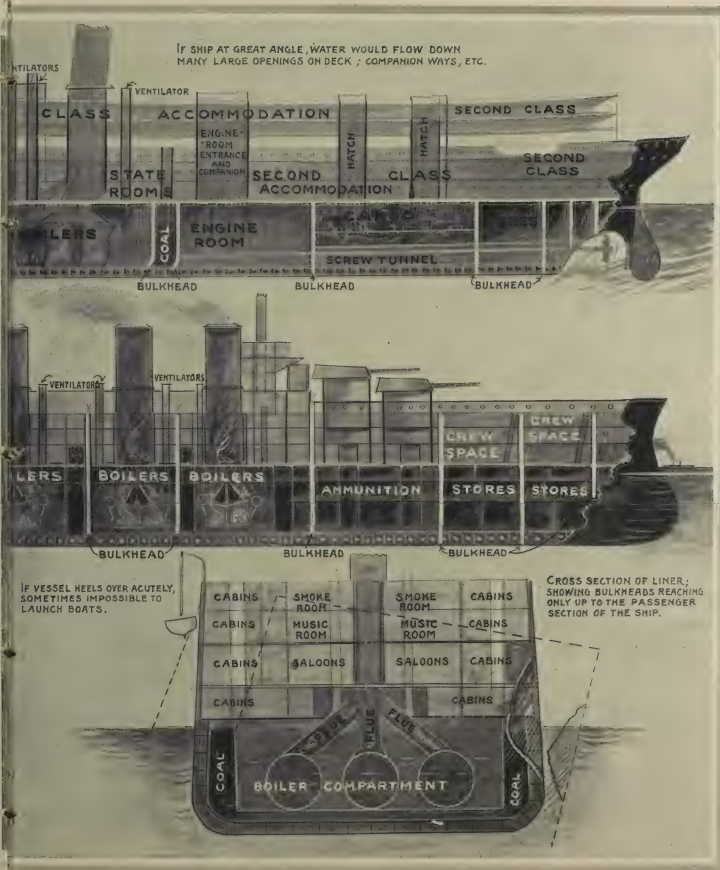
DRAWN BY CHARLES

J. DE LACY.



THE SOMEWHAT LOW BULKHEADS OF THE AVERAGE LINER (ALLOWING FREE PASSAGE IN THE THE BATTLE-SHIP: DIAGRAMS SHOWING HOW THE HOLED PASSENGER-VESSEL MAY FILL WITH

With regard to the diagrams here given, it should be noted that, in the opinion of some constructors at all events, the liner of the future will have to be built, so far as its bulkheads are concerned, after the fashion of a battleship. In the case of the average liner, the bulkheads reach only from the double-bottom to the floor of that part of the ship which may be called the domestic section, pertaining to the passengers and the crew. Through this domestic portion run numerous corridors; and there are, of course, many doors. As a result, if such a ship be holed above her bulkheads water will flow freely through the ship, there being practically nothing to stop its progress. This freedom of passage, which, as is indicated, some consider dangerous, is, of course, for the convenience of passengers, who like to have free way straight through the ship. In the case of the modern battle-ship the bulkheads reach right



DOMESTIC PART OF THE VESSEL) COMPARED WITH THE RIGHT-THROUGH-THE-SHIP BULKHEADS OF WATER: WHILE THE HOLED WAR-SHIP MAY HAVE ONLY ONE SMALL SECTION FLOODED.

from the double bottom to the upper deck, and the whole ship is thus cut into definite water-tight compartments. Further, each bulkhead is solid, without even a water-tight door in it. Thus if a hole is made in any one water-tight section it is impossible for water to reach any other section. In passing from one compartment to another, which in the case of a liner is done through water-tight doors both in the water-tight section proper and in the domestic section, those wishing to do so in a battle-ship must go right up to the deck and then right down again. In the case of such damage as that shown in the sectional drawing at the right-hand bottom corner, water would flow freely through the ship, part of the damage being above the bulkheads. In the case of a battle-ship receiving similar damage (see the sectional diagram at the left-hand bottom corner) the wing bulkhead alone would be flooded.



## PRECISELY WHAT THE SINKING OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" MEANT: THE ROLL OF THE DEAD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON PRESS.



CROWDS EQUAL TO THOSE LOST WITH THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" AND WITH THE "TITANIC": WITHIN THE LINES, 1024 PEOPLE (THE NUMBER OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND'S" DEAD); IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS A WHOLE THE NUMBER OF THE "TITANIC'S" DEAD.

Our readers will recall that when the "Titanic" went down in April 1912, after collision with an iceberg, we published this photograph as showing a crowd equal to that lost with the ill-fated White Star liner. We republish the photograph, marking upon it the number lost by the sinking of the "Empress of Ireland." The most recent official figures are as follows—and it will be noted that these differ from the first estimate, mentioned elsewhere in this issue—On Board: 1478. Lost: 1024.

Figures alone do not convey inevitably the extent of a catastrophe. For that reason we print this photograph of a crowd equalling the number of the "Titanic's" dead; with lines marking off 1024 (the number of the "Empress of Ireland's" dead). We have used for the purpose part of a photograph taken on Tower Hill during a Labour demonstration. It must further be added that even now the figures may need slight alteration.



# SAFETY AT SEA: WHISTLE-BLAST SIGNALS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

DRAWN BY GFCIL KING, R.B.A.



## OF MUCH INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE FORTHCOMING INQUIRY INTO THE "EMPERESS OF IRELAND" AND "STORSTAD" COLLISION: SIGNALS BY WHISTLE, OR SIREN

In his evidence at the inquest at Rimouski, Captain Kendall said: "I blew three short blasts on the steamer's whistle, meaning, 'I am going full-speed astern.' After that he answered me with his whistle, giving one prolonged blast. I then looked over the side of my ship into the water and saw that my ship was stopped. I stopped the engines and blew two long blasts, meaning that my ship was under way, but had stopped and had no way upon her. . . ." With regard to the last signal, it may

be noted that in the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea is the notice: "A vessel is 'under way' within the meaning of these Rules, when she is not at anchor, or made fast to the shore or aground." It is prescribed that steam-vessels shall give sound signals on the whistle or siren. The words "prolonged blast" mean a blast of from four to six seconds' duration. The words "short blast" mean a blast of about one second's duration.



# SAFETY AT SEA: LIGHTS AND THE RULE OF THE ROAD FOR SHIPS.

DRAWN BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.



## OF MUCH INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE FORTHCOMING INQUIRY INTO THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND" AND "STORSTAD" COLLISION: "ROAD" REGULATIONS AT SEA.

In the statement made for the captain of the "Storstad," it is said: "The vessels sighted one another when far apart. The 'Empress of Ireland' was seen off the port bow of the 'Storstad.' The green (starboard) light of the 'Empress of Ireland' was visible to those on board the 'Storstad.' Under these circumstances the rules of navigation gave to the 'Storstad' the right of way. The heading of the 'Empress of Ireland' was then changed. . . . Shortly after, the fog enveloped first the 'Empress

of Ireland' and then the 'Storstad.' . . . The 'Empress of Ireland' was then seen through the fog close at hand on the port bow of the 'Storstad.' She was showing a green light and making considerable headway." A regulation of the sea says: "When two steam vessels are meeting end on, or nearly end on, so as to involve risk of collision, each shall alter her course to starboard, so that each may pass on the port side of the other."



# SURVIVORS OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND": SOME OF THE SAVED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORRAI, BERRYMAN, SPORT AND GENERAL, WESTON, AND EXCHANGE STUDIOS, NEW SOUTH WALES, ETC.



1. MR. EDWARD BAMFORD: JUNIOR WIRELESS OPERATOR ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

4. MR. J. W. LANGLEY: A RANCHER, OF CANFORD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

7. MR. J. D. WHITE: SEVENTH ENGINEER ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

2. THE REV. J. WALLET, OF THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.

5. MR. NORMAN: BANDMASTER ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

8. MR. J. FERGUS DUNCAN: OF MESSRS. KIMBER, BULL, AND DUNCAN, SOLICITORS, 6, OLD JEWRY.

3. MR. ROWLAND FERGUSON: SENIOR WIRELESS OPERATOR ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

6. MISS GRACIE HANNAGAN, DAUGHTER OF BANDMASTER HANNAGAN, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, TORONTO.

9. MR. J. GRANT: ELECTRICIAN ON THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."



## THE WHISTLE OF A LINER; AKIN TO THAT OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



FOR GIVING SUCH WARNING CALLS AS THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND'S" "I AM GOING FULL-SPEED ASTERN":  
A STEAMER'S WHISTLE—ON THE "AQUITANIA."

In the evidence he gave at the inquest at Rimouski, Captain Kendall, of the "Empress of Ireland," said: "After passing the gas-buoy at Cock Point, I sighted the steamer 'Storstad' . . . Then the fog came, and the steamer's lights disappeared. I rang full-speed astern on my engines and stopped the ship. At the same time I blew three short blasts on the steamer's whistle, meaning 'I am going full-speed astern.' After that he answered me with his whistle, giving one prolonged blast. . . . My ship was

stopped. I stopped the engines and blew two long blasts, meaning that my ship was under way, but had stopped, and had no way upon her. He answered me again with one prolonged blast. . . ." In the official statement issued, on behalf of the captain of the collier Storstad, it is said: "Whistles from the 'Empress of Ireland' were heard on the 'Storstad's' port bow and answered." The "Aquitania" left on her maiden voyage to New York the day after the disaster to the "Empress of Ireland."



# ART & MUSIC AND THE DRAMA



POTIPHAR'S WIFE IN "LA  
LÉGENDE DE JOSEPH": MME.  
MARIE KOUSNETZOFF

Dr. Richard Strauss's "La Légende de Joseph," the composer's first ballet proper, is to be produced at Drury Lane, for its first performance in England, on June 23.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

## MUSIC.

A SINGULARLY vivid rendering of Dr. Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Quixote,"

was the outstanding feature of the London Symphony Orchestra's concert last week, and Heer Mengelberg, who directed the performance, has every reason to feel proud. It was a fitting termination to a season's

direct on June 26 will prove second to none in interest. Writing in general terms, it may be said that the spring season in the concert-halls has not produced any really great new artists. That there is much genuine talent is undeniable—perhaps it might be said that there is too much, for at the level of average achievement the struggle for life is hardest.

At Drury Lane, where Russian music now controls the programme, the success of "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Magic Flute" must be acknowledged. While Mozart's opera remains a striking example of great gifts misdirected, it will be admitted that the singing of Mlle. Claire Dux in the rôle of Pamina is something that few will be ready to forget. The absurd deep notes of Sarastro, the still more absurd high notes of the Queen of Night (partly transposed for one of the Queens, Mlle. Siems), the extravagances of Monostato, the general idiocy of Papageno—these things can and will be forgotten long before the opera-lover can forget the exquisite gift and art of Mlle. Dux. The music, despite the utter lack of continuity—and every one of the countless full closes seems to divide the message into distinct compartments—is a thing of beauty, but not of operatic beauty. Long training and the habit of thought make criticism of Mozart seem almost treasonable—he has added so much to the joy of life; but one can imagine no more effective fashion of undermining his vogue as a composer of opera than the production at regular intervals of such an opera as "The Magic Flute." At the same time, it is worth remarking that the attendance at the performances of Mozart's opera was remarkably good: Drury Lane was quite full on an evening when Caruso and Destinn, singing in "Madama Butterfly," had filled Covent Garden from stalls to gallery.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" thrills for a moment, but hardly makes a lasting impression. One feels that Italo Montemezzi is a gifted composer even while doubting whether his sense of the theatre is of the kind that makes the successful writer of opera. His score is singularly detached from the stage in many places; it is a highly ornate complex of comments that has not too much regard for the human voice. He has

a gift of melody and a sense of form; he uses his orchestra with more than ordinary skill; but he is utterly lacking in a sense of proportion and is ever seeking for a climax (the word is used here wrongly, but conventionally). As soon as he finds what he is looking for he starts to build up again: there is the sense of endless striving that mars for some of us the full effect of Dr. Ethel Smyth's fine opera, "The Wreckers." Yet Montemezzi gives the tragic poem of Sem Benelli sufficient life to make it appear reasonable, and not a mere tragedy of the transpontine order; and there are some moments at least when he thrills the listener with a sense of an episode brilliantly illuminated by the music. Mme. Edvina's Fiora is quite a remarkable creation. The old blind man of Adamo Didur is also very striking. The baritone husband and tenor lover (Signors Cicada and Crimi) are good without being great; and the mounting, whether it please or displease, escapes the reproach of conventionality.



A SINGER AT A SUNDAY "DINER  
AMUSANT" AT THE SAVOY HOTEL:  
MISS PERLE BARTI.

Miss Barti, the charming American artiste, delighted the audience at one of the recent Sunday "dinners amusants" at the Savoy by her rendering of Leoncavallo's "Roseway" and other songs.

## PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LITTLE LAMB,"  
AT THE APOLLO.

THE plot of "The Little Lamb," as Messrs. Wimperis and

Carrick style their adaptation, turns on the coincidence that two elderly married men have been paying blackmail for twenty-four years because each of them believes he is the father of a dancer's non-existent illegitimate child. "Your little lamb" appeared in a woman's writing on the photograph announcing their paternity to each of these sinners, and it is as "your little lamb" that the young muff Henri Lafitte is bidden by his lawyer to introduce himself to one of the fathers. His mother, a wholly respectable woman, follows in his wake, and is mistaken by both the old scamps for the dancer, and abused accordingly. There is the usual wild scramble through doors, and there are some ludicrous situations. Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Nigel Playfair, and Miss Laura Cowie all expend their efforts on material much too insignificant for their ability. Mr. Rudge Harding and Miss Kate Bishop are other distinguished and hard-working members of the company.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE CORONET.

It is an excellent performance in general that Miss Horniman's company has been giving this week at the Coronet. We have had no better Ellean than Miss Beatrice Terry; the Cayley Drummie of Mr. Bibby is quite satisfying; the Orreys of Miss Muriel Pope and Mr. Herbert Lomas provide us with a comic relief



DANCING IN THE RUSSIAN BALLETS AT DRURY LANE

M. MICHEL FOKINE IN "DAPHNIS ET CHLOE."

Photograph by Saul Bransburg

work in which he has played a large and responsible part. We are beginning to suspect that some of the earlier dislike and suspicion of the Strauss tone-poems was due to the absence of complete understanding on the part of conductors. Much of the lack of coherence was properly to be referred to the interpretation rather than to the composition. It is far from easy to understand the significance of great music, and those who go regularly to the concert-halls must be able to cite several instances of complete understanding following upon a new interpretation of a fairly familiar modern work that had hitherto been "a garden enclosed, a fountain seal'd."

There is a brief lull in the musical world at the end of May, the time of writing. Opera remains in evidence, but concert-halls are taking their brief, well-earned rest. The London Symphony Orchestra will be very busy next month, and will play at the Queen's Hall under the direction of three different conductors, including Nikisch. It is expected that Paderewski will play with the London Symphony Orchestra at one of the Nikisch concerts. The Queen's Hall Orchestra will not be as active as its chief rival, but doubtless the performance that Dr. Strauss is to



DANCING IN THE RUSSIAN BALLETS AT DRURY LANE:  
MME. TAMAR KARSAVINA.

Photograph by Saul Bransburg.

that is free from exaggeration. Mr. Rosmer lends Aubrey Tanqueray refinement, if not very much colour, while we get a most interesting and individual performance of the title-rôle from Miss Irene Rooke.



# THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE IRVINGS: THE ACTORS IN CANADA.



1. PHOTOGRAPHED IN CANADA DURING THE TOUR WHICH ENDED SO TRAGICALLY:  
MR. LAURENCE IRVING.

2. PHOTOGRAPHED IN CANADA DURING THE TOUR WHICH ENDED SO TRAGICALLY:  
MRS. LAURENCE IRVING.

3. MEMBERS OF MR. AND MRS. LAURENCE IRVING'S COMPANY IN CANADA; INCLUDING (1) MRS. LAURENCE IRVING AND (2) MRS. HAROLD NEVILLE.

It appears that at the conclusion of the tour of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving and their company in Canada twenty-two berths were booked for the party on the "Teutonic," due to reach England three days after the "Empress of Ireland." At the last moment, Mr. and Mrs. Irving changed their minds and decided to take the "Empress of Ireland,"

in order to reach England at the earliest possible date. With them came Mr. and Mrs. Harold Neville, of their company. The tour had been a great success; in particular with "Typhoon," that piece which may be said, above all, to have determined Mr. Laurence Irving's high place as an actor.



*To Hold Some 5000 People: The Largest and Newest British Liner.*



AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO START ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE 901-FEET LONG "AQUITANIA" AT LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE.

The great Cunarder, "Aquitania," the largest British liner, left for her maiden voyage to New York on May 30. She is a remarkable craft: 901 feet long, 97 feet broad, 92 feet deep to the boat-deck; with a gross tonnage of 47,000 tons and accommodation for nearly 5000 people. She is so big that the Clyde had to be dredged for her launching, to provide proper depth of water for her to float in. Extending through

her more vulnerable parts, there is a ship within the ship; in other words, there are two shells. Amongst the novelties of her construction and fittings are anti-rolling tanks, a gymnasium, a Pompeian swimming-bath, lifts, an ivy-clad garden lounge, an art gallery, a "Greenwich Hospital" smoking-room, verandah cafe's, and a "Rotten Row" promenade.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY WATSON.]

*The Flying First Lord: Mr. Winston Churchill as Airman's Passenger.*



AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER A FLIGHT FROM UPAVON: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN AVIATION KIT—THE FAMILIAR HAT IN HIS HAND.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who, as First Lord of the Admiralty, has made it his business to do a great deal of flying and is credited with the desire to earn a pilot's certificate for himself, was in the air again just before Whitsuntide, when he flew from the Central

Flying School at Upavon, on Salisbury Plain, to Portsmouth. Contrary to the general idea that he would do so, he did not pilot the machine himself, but was the passenger of Major Gerrard, of the Military Flying School.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]



## AN AEROPLANE PARACHUTE: PHOTOGRAPHED IN AND FROM MID-AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.



THE FIRST PARACHUTE DESCENT FROM AN AEROPLANE IN ENGLAND: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE MACHINE JUST AFTER MR. NEWELL DROPPED—SHOWING THE PILOT'S FEET AND THE LANDING WHEELS AND THE PARACHUTE FAR BELOW.

This unique photograph was taken in mid-air from an aeroplane at Hendon a few days ago, immediately after Mr. W. Newell had dropped off with his parachute into space at a height of 2000 feet. This was the first parachute descent from an aeroplane made in England. The machine was a Grahame-White biplane piloted by Mr. Reginald Carr. Mr. Newell descended safely and landed near the railway, his descent taking 2 min. 22 sec.

A similar experiment was successfully made at Juvisy, near Paris, on February 12, when a man named Orf came down in a parachute of his own invention from an aeroplane piloted by M. Lemoine. The height reached on that occasion was 900 feet, and the descent occupied 40 seconds. The sudden loss of weight when the parachutist dropped off did not upset the balance of the aeroplane.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTO. PRESS, AND RECORD PRESS.



FORMERLY ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE CHURCHES BY THE THAMES: WARGRAVE CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE ATTRIBUTED TO SUFFRAGETTES.

The beautiful church at Wargrave was burnt out in the early hours of Monday, June 2, by a fire caused by incendiaries. Outside the building were found three post-cards bearing Suffragist messages. Wargrave Church, originally of Norman date, was rebuilt early in the seventeenth century. The only



DESTROYED BY INCENDIARIES BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SUFFRAGETTES: THE INTERIOR OF WARGRAVE CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE.

Norman portion remaining was the north door. The parish register, fortunately saved from the fire, dates from 1538. The fire was apparently started in the organ. Among the memorials in the church destroyed was one to the author of "Sandford and Merton," Thomas Day, who died in 1789.



WITH MAST DWARFING THAT OF HER PREDECESSOR: "SHAMROCK IV." (SECOND FROM LEFT), "SHAMROCK III." (ON THE RIGHT), AND "ERIN" (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for the America Cup, "Shamrock IV," lately launched at Gosport, has a huge mast, 120 feet long, which makes that of the old "Shamrock" look quite small. The mast is made of innumerable pieces of fine silver spruce jointed together, and probably cost over £600



A BANK HOLIDAY INNOVATION EXTENDED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: OPEN-AIR DANCING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The facilities for open-air dancing on Bank Holiday provided by the London County Council last year at Hampstead Heath were this Whitsuntide extended to Clapham and Streatham Commons, and Victoria Park, Hackney. The entrance-fee was one penny (including programme): the Council provided music.



SEEN FROM THE TOP OF "SHAMROCK IV.'S" MAST: THE DECK, SHOWING THE COCKPIT CONTAINING THE STEERING-GEAR.

Among the notable features of "Shamrock IV." is the little cockpit containing the neat steering-gear, which is connected with a quadrant working the rudder below deck. There is nothing on deck except what is absolutely necessary, and simplicity is the chief characteristic of the yacht.



# DEWAR'S



*A Tip Worth Having*



# A TWO-HOURS' EXILE AFLOAT: ALBANIA'S RULER GOING TO SEA.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



EMBARKING, WITH HIS CONSORT, ON BOARD AN AUSTRIAN PINNACE AT DURAZZO: PRINCE WILLIAM QUITTING THE SHORES OF ALBANIA FOR A FOREIGN WAR-SHIP.

On May 23 Prince William of Albania, who only arrived at Durazzo as ruler of the country on March 5 last, was in exile afloat for some two hours. It was believed that a force of some 3000 Moslem insurgents were within five miles of the city, approaching to attack it. On being warned of the danger by the Italian and Austrian Ministers, the Prince, with his wife and children, left the Palace, about 5 p.m., and were conveyed by an Austrian pinnace to an Austrian war-ship, from which they subsequently removed to an Italian vessel. Meanwhile the Commission of Control negotiated with the insurgent

leaders, who proved more amenable than was expected. They agreed to desist from hostilities, and about 7 o'clock the Prince returned to the Palace, followed by the Princess some two hours later. It has since been stated by Prince William's Master of the Household, Herr von Trotha, who arrived in Berlin on May 31, that the Prince's "flight" was due to Italian and Austrian diplomacy, and that nothing can be done in Albania until the Prince obtains a military force. On June 2 it was reported that he intended to leave Durazzo for Scutari.



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## That Beautiful Baby

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at a less cost even than that of common soaps, which soon destroy the native daintiness of the skin surface.

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the Skin.**





## ART NOTES.

THE New English Art Club, despite the absence of Mr. John and Mr. Orpen, is full of good things. For the realism that clutches you like a piece of Grasso's acting there is nothing to equal Mr. Walter Sickert's large "Ennui." It shows a woman suffering, apparently, from a glass-case of stuffed birds, a chest of drawers, a stale decanter, and from a man with the abstracted eye of one who falls to his cigar for comfort. It is a scene of incomparable dreariness. "Stone walls do not a prison make," but with lodging-house wall-papers the case is different. The room and the weary people in it are such as Mr. George Moore might have written a whole chapter about in his "jeunesse orageuse." The atmosphere is depressing enough for the liveliest adventurer—of a quarter of a century ago. That such themes should still provoke Mr. Sickert to witty brushwork is one of the curiosities of the twentieth century. The very match-box (the most convincing match-box, by the way, ever put into paint) is the one we have known for twenty years: a realist who kept abreast with the times would have replaced it by a "lighter." "Lighters" he leaves for the disciples.

Of disciples there are a multitude, and they mostly paint in the same back-bedroom. The washstand, the iron bedstead, and the unsafe chair appear in all of their canvases. They are the symbols of the old revolt against the Arab Hall and St. John's Wood. Mr. Gillman condescends to a coral necklace, but the lady who wears it is otherwise a whole-hearted protest against the waxen ladies of Lord Leighton. More interesting than Mr. Sickert's followers are the painters who have escaped from the back-bedroom in Mornington Crescent. Mr. Mark Gertler's "Fruit-Sorters" is a sort of Piero della Francesca of the Halls; it is a parody rather than a copy, but it has a horizon, and the figures show up against the sky instead of against American cloth and muslin curtains. A most

happy compromise between Camden Town and Umbria is Mr. Charles Stabb's "Women Folk of Barge" (13.011), in which the blue-skirted figure is admirably composed and painted.

More interesting than the imitators of the moderns—than the picture by Mr. Von Glehn that seems to recall cypresses made familiar in many an Academy landscape, than the efforts of Mr. James Symons and Mr. Collins-

bury the Old Masters; but here, too, are painters who have re-discovered the ancient joys of clean colour and pretty people. The hair of Mr. Brockhurst's nymph is as pale as primroses, and her feet are white as lilies; she is an extreme type of Arcadia. Yet we prefer her looks to those of the young women of boots and hairpins who are her neighbours. Miss Winifred Lynton's portrait and Miss Darwin's "Striped Mug" must also be mentioned among many good things.

Mr. Robert Gregory's Ireland is green after a fashion, but the chief note of his work at the Chenil Gallery is one of storm-coloured hills, dun earth, and purple rocks. There is an extravagant loneliness about his landscapes that would fit them admirably for stage-scenes to a less humorous "Playboy." Sygne's landscape is dolorous enough, but his characters change the face of it, and it does not last in the memory as an oppression. Though Mr. Gregory's Ireland is distressful, it has poetry, and he is a master of decorative arrangement. E. M.

## A NEW NOVEL.

THE priceless thing, in Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson's lengthy novel of the name, would have been compression. Peers and castles are difficult material to handle—they have a way of taking charge of everything, including the author—and it is just in her castle that Mrs. Rawson loses control. "The Priceless Thing" (Stanley Paul) is unwieldy, and almost—unforgivable sin—prosy; and this, too, when we are looking for the promised thrills. Otherwise the story is a good story, and the mystery of Gatehouse and Fleck well sustained and ingeniously attained.

The plot is elaborated with a generous hand, and worked out to the gratification of the heroine and her noble kinsfolk, and the proper confusion of their enemies. There is a nicely turned love interest, and just a little about the ways of modern forgers of the antique. Altogether, its one weakness apart, a very pleasing volume.



SUMMER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND: ON THE GOLF LINKS AT ST. MORITZ.

If Switzerland has latterly been associated more with winter sport than that of summer, it has, of course, continued, as always, to be one of the most delightful of summer holiday grounds. What winter sport has done is to make it popular all the year, instead of only in summer. The delights of "Summer Sports in Switzerland" are well set forth in an illustrated booklet of that title (the first of its kind) issued by the Swiss Federal Railways, Berne. The sports include climbing, sailing, rowing, fishing, tennis, golf, and walking.

Baker in the respective manners of John and Holmes—is the beautifully precise, clean, and original work of Mr. Charles Gere. Mr. Brockhurst's "By the Stream" is drawn, and charmingly drawn, in the fashion, not of the Futurists or Mr. Sickert, but of Mantegna. All through the New English, dock-leaves grow among the nettles. Here are the people who would pull down the moon and

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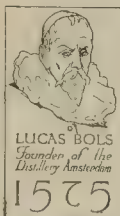
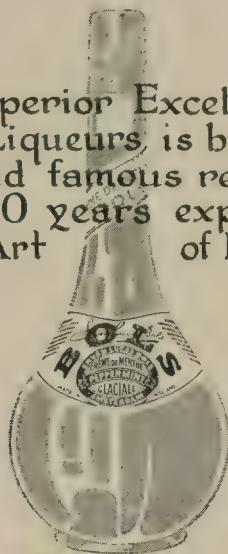
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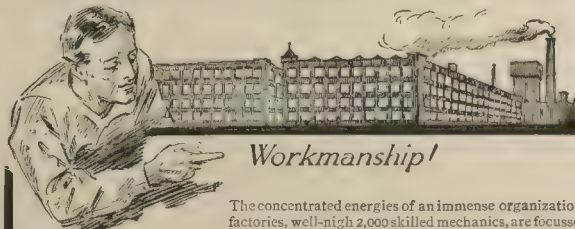
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## LADIES' PAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT learned in the law writes to me on the subject of the servant who was given a month's wages in lieu of notice by a County Court Registrar when her mistress had summarily dismissed her for refusing to carry parcels home from the shops. My correspondent says that in his opinion this would not be held by a superior Court to be good law unless the girl was definitely engaged simply as "housemaid." It is recognised, it seems, that if a woman is engaged as "cook," she cannot be ordered to do any sort of work outside her kitchen and cooking-stove; but if she should be wanted to undertake other duties—as in middle-class houses the cook is often expected, where the meals are simple, to aid in the housework; as, to clean the dining-room—in this case she must be engaged as "cook-general." So my correspondent suggests we had better begin to engage the house-cleaning and table-waiting maids with a similar addition. Meantime, he is disposed to believe that to carry in the household requirements from the shops would be held by a Judge to be a lawful command for a mistress to give, and he suggests that ladies ought to form a "union" to support one another in such matters.

There is no topic that brings me so much correspondence as the servant question. Its urgency and its enormous importance, as affecting the very foundation of our separate home life, are evidently felt; and the loss of discipline in the household, and lack of all sense of duty on the part of young women, which are brought into strong relief by the scarcity of such labour, are daily difficulties that seem to the ordinary woman of infinitely more consequence than the lack of a vote. A long and interesting letter from a lady in Sussex offers the time-honoured explanation of the servant difficulty, the one to which most men half-consciously refer the trouble in their innermost thoughts—namely, the incompetence of mistresses. This correspondent imagines that "one of the reasons why mistresses of the upper and upper-middle classes are now experiencing such difficulty in obtaining and retaining skilled labour in their homes is that they themselves in the present generation have lost the art of adequately superintending their household affairs." She charges the educated women of the day with not believing that "the foremost and most important sphere of their activities must always remain at home." As to my pet plan of seeking recruits for domestic labour in the poorest rank of life, giving them a year or so of practical training in their duties, in manners, and in the care of their own persons, and trying to instil into them the idea that they ought in the interests of their own self-respect to perform adequately the duties for which they are going to take payment, and then lending them the money for a proper outfit of clothing for service in nicely kept homes—my correspondent thinks that this is not much use "if, after such training, they are to be placed in domestic service under mistresses who have neither the ability nor the inclination to supplement the



A SUMMER FROCK.

The dress with its frills is of pale pink muslin, with white lace on the corsage. The cape is of black satin, lined with pink. The black satin toque has narrow lines of pink and black plumes.

elementary training by proper supervision and practical instruction." This is, of course, true so far as it goes, but does not touch the root of the matter, I think—that is, the lack of "raw material" for the wise mistresses to exercise their talents on, in training girls for home-making work.

Possibly the "raw material" from which ladies who care for and well understand their home duties can construct good domestic workers can be found in the country cottages. But ladies in towns are aware that the vision of girls being willing, even glad, to be trained by a mistress accomplished in the arts of housekeeping is not in the least in accordance with present conditions. The better the mistress, the more thoroughly she knows how things should be done, and the more firmly she means to have them so, the better she understands not only what good cooking is, but intends to have the food for her house cooked and served up so as both to nourish and please the diners, and not to allow it to be wickedly spoiled and wasted, the more sure it is that she will not be able to get and keep servants. Raw and ignorant children in their teens now present themselves, not in the spirit of learners, but asking quite high wages as "plain" cooks. It is soon apparent that to their minds "plain" cooking is merely a synonym for bad cooking; and if the mistress be herself an accomplished cook, well able to find where the fault in the spoiled dish was made, and patie enough to explain clearly the fault and how to remedy it, what is the result? Not gratitude from the incompetent girl for being taught, and at the same time highly paid to learn her job, and being excused for spoiling material (and, of course, incidentally the meals of her employers) while so being taught—not a bit of it! The correction and instruction are immediately resented. "I wish to leave, ma'am. As I see I can't please you, I'd better go at once."

It is surely obvious that not the inefficiency of mistresses, but the lack of a wish to learn and perform the duties on the part of the employed, causes the difficulty. It is a question of supply and demand. The girls know that neither good references nor competence are really needed to find them places; so scarce are domestic workers that unsatisfactory ones can get wages. An immense variety of occupations now compete for the female labour available; hence domestic service is "underwomaned," and, if this be the true root of the matter, the only way of relief is to find, if possible, a new supply. I believe this might be found in the ranks of life where parents are too poor to give the girls a start into service. But perhaps relief may come otherwise. Perhaps men will take up domestic work more largely here, as they already do in other countries. Domestic service is really hard physical labour, to a great extent, and men can do it far more easily than women for that reason. Californian women find Chinese "boys" excellent servants, Arab men do nearly all the household work in Egypt, and even on the Continent male labour is far more largely employed in the household than English housewives have yet thought possible.

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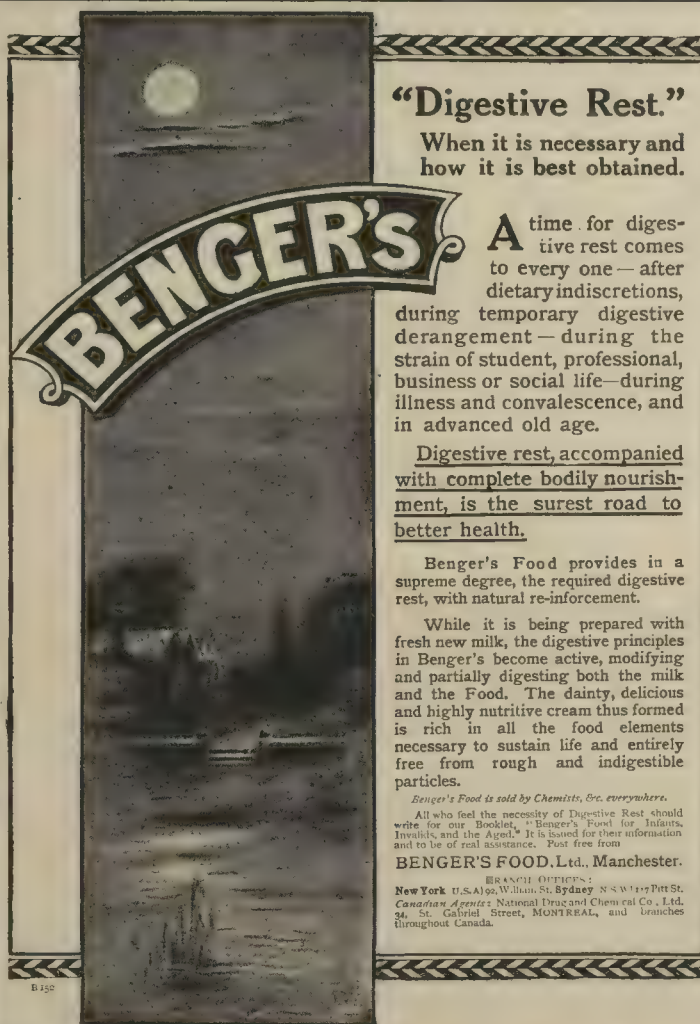
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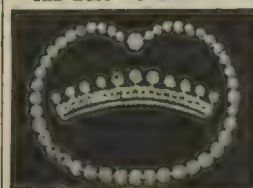
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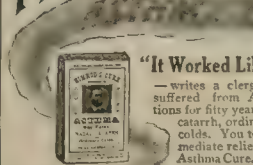
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## The Motor-Car in Parliament.

The last week of the Parliamentary session saw the motor-car rather more in evidence at question-time than usual. The queries addressed to Ministers ranged from dazzling head-lights and the taxation of benzol to the value of motor imports and exports. The two first are naturally subjects of some importance to the motorist. In the case of the dazzling head-light, it seems that a dead set is being made at it in certain quarters, and it is not unsafe to assume that before very long its use will be dealt with by legislation. Early in the week, Mr. Fell asked the Home Secretary if he could say what regulations were in force in France and Germany regarding the use of these lights. The reply was to the effect that such official information as was in the possession of the President of the Local Government Board was being sent on to the questioner. The latter returned to the charge with an inquiry as to whether the Home Secretary had had his attention called to the use by motor-cars of dazzling lights within the Metropolitan area, and why such head-lights were held to be dangerous in the case of taxicabs and motor-buses, and not in that of private motor vehicles of probably much greater power and speed. Further, he went on to ask if Mr. McKenna had ascertained through the Law Officers whether a case would not lie for driving to the common danger when too powerful lights were used. Mr. McKenna did not appear to think that the use of powerful lights did in fact constitute danger to the public, but promised to consider whether a test case should not be taken.

Later in the week, Mr. Fell again returned to the subject with a question as to whether the Home Secretary would instruct the police to prosecute in the case of the first motor-car they found being driven at night in the Metropolitan area with head-lights of a dazzling brightness. Mr. McKenna did not think that such proceedings could usefully be taken, and though he underwent some amount of heckling from different parts of the House, he adhered to his opinion. So far we may breathe freely, but it would seem that the time is fast approaching when interference will take active shape.

## For and Against the Head-Light.

The question of the use of head-lights within the Metropolitan area is one to which there are two sides. On the one hand, it may be agreed that their use in well-lighted streets might be prohibited without much hardship, but it is there that they are least dangerous, for the reason that the dazzling brightness of their light is more or less damped out by the surroundings, and they have very little blinding effect on approaching drivers. On the other hand, there are roads and streets which, while reasonably well lighted, are dark enough to give full value to the dazzling effect, but are not so dark as to render the use of powerful lamps necessary for safety. A road of the character I have in mind is Castle-nau, which runs from Hammer-smith Bridge to Barnes

itself, require them immediately they leave it by the southern end. True, the driver might wait until he was on the point of leaving it, and if he is carrying electric lamps I should be in favour of making him so wait. Acetylene-lamps are another matter, and I am thoroughly in accord with the driver who wants to have them going for ten minutes before he really needs their light. However, it is not a great deal of use arguing the question out. What is fairly certain is that we shall find before long that the use of powerful lights will be prohibited altogether in urban areas.

## Why Pump Tyres?

Of all the tasks that fall to the lot of the motorist, the most objectionable is that of pumping up pneumatic tyres—when it is done through the medium of the old, back-breaking plunger pump. The query with which I have headed this paragraph may seem foolish, since the inflation of one's tyres is about the most necessary thing to be seen to, but I ask it in all seriousness. And my reason for so doing is that I have now acquired a new impulse-pump, which does the work while I watch the indicator-hand of the pressure-gauge climbing up, with my hands in my pockets! Never again, so long as there

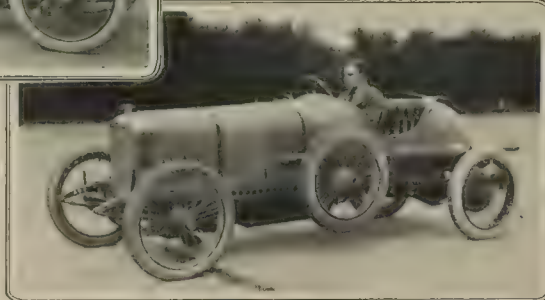
is one of these devices within reach, will I pump another tyre by hand—and I have my own private opinion of the motorist who would do so for choice. The pump I have under test is called the Pioneer, and is made by Messrs. Fluid Pressure Pumps, Ltd., of Latimer Road, W. It is light, simple in construction, and certainly does its work admirably. All that has to be done is to remove a sparking-plug, screw the pump into its place, connect to the tyre-valve, and then, by running the engine at a speed of about 300 to 400 revolutions, the tyre is pumped to the required pressure in anything from two to four minutes, according to its size. One good point about this pump is that it delivers pure air to the tyre—there is no possibility of oil from the engine-cylinder obtaining access. It costs three guineas, and even though there is probably a decent profit for the makers in it at that price, it is certainly worth the money.

W. WHITTALL.



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The car is fitted with Bosch magneto, Houdaille shock-absorbers, Dunlop tyres, and Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheels. Seated with Mr. Coatalen in the car is Mr. C. B. Kay, the assistant engineer.



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In the Tourist Trophy Race, to be held in the Isle of Man on the 10th and 11th, the Straker-Squire cars will be making their debut as far as road-racing is concerned. They will have the shortest-stroke engines of all the competitors, and extreme lightness of design has been aimed at. The photograph gives a good general idea of the compactness of the new Straker-Squire racers.

Common. It is a much-used thoroughfare, and though there is no necessity at all for head-lights at any time, more than half the cars that pass along it at night have all their lights on, and in my own experience I have found that they certainly are not without danger to meeting traffic. The trouble we come up against is this, that cars coming into town along this road do not need their lights, but those going out, while they do not want them in Castle-nau



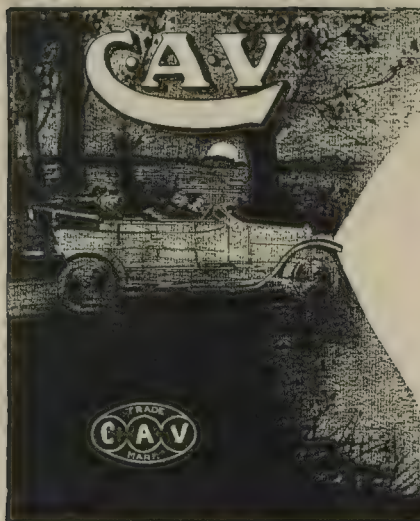
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## Rudge Multi



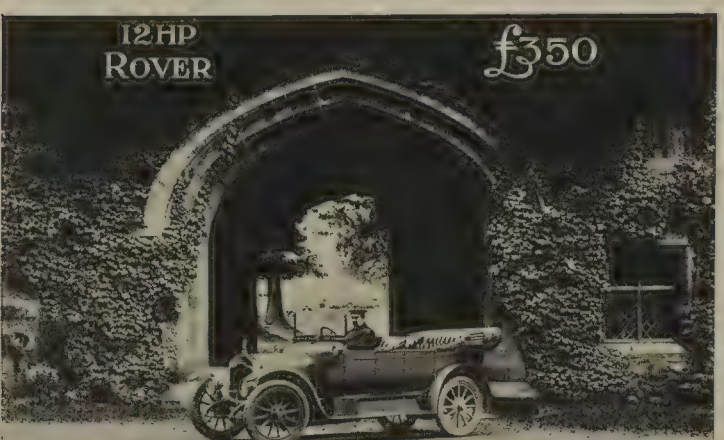
The most durable, the most reliable, the most flexible, the most silent, the safest and the speediest motor bicycle of to-day is the Rudge Multi, whose gear gives it an infinitely graded speed range of from 4 to 60 miles an hour. How certainly and easily it is done is fully explained in the Rudge Multi Catalogue NOW READY AND POST FREE from:

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## Irish 'Period' Table Linen

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S** "Period" Table Cloths, made of superfine Linen Hand-Woven Double Damask are a correct interpretation of the best style in Table Linen for the periods of which they are representative, the designs in every case being founded upon the best obtainable examples.

The style illustrated is that of the "Regency" period. This charming cloth provides just that touch of completion which is often lacking in "Period" rooms. It is made in the following sizes:—

**CLOTHS.** 2 x 2 yards, 10/-; 2 x 2½, 21/6; 2 x 3, 28/0; 2 x 3½, 35/6; 2½ x 2½, 32/11; 2½ x 3, 38/0; 2½ x 3½, 45/6; 3 x 3, 42/0; 3 x 3½, 49/6; 3½ x 3½, 56/0; 3½ x 4, 63/6; 4 x 4, 70/0; 4 x 4½, 77/6; 4½ x 4½, 84/0; 4½ x 5, 91/6; 5 x 5, 98/0; 5 x 5½, 105/6; 5½ x 5½, 112/0; 5½ x 6, 119/6; 6 x 6, 126/0; 6 x 6½, 133/6; 6½ x 6½, 140/0; 6½ x 7, 147/6; 7 x 7, 154/0; 7 x 7½, 161/6; 7½ x 7½, 168/0; 7½ x 8, 175/6; 8 x 8, 182/0; 8 x 8½, 189/6; 8½ x 8½, 196/0; 8½ x 9, 203/6; 9 x 9, 210/0; 9 x 9½, 217/6; 9½ x 9½, 224/0; 9½ x 10, 231/6; 10 x 10, 238/0; 10 x 10½, 245/6; 10½ x 10½, 252/0; 10½ x 11, 259/6; 11 x 11, 266/0; 11 x 11½, 273/6; 11½ x 11½, 280/0; 11½ x 12, 287/6; 12 x 12, 294/0; 12 x 12½, 301/6; 12½ x 12½, 308/0; 12½ x 13, 315/6; 13 x 13, 322/0; 13 x 13½, 329/6; 13½ x 13½, 336/0; 13½ x 14, 343/6; 14 x 14, 350/0; 14 x 14½, 357/6; 14½ x 14½, 364/0; 14½ x 15, 371/6; 15 x 15, 378/0; 15 x 15½, 385/6; 15½ x 15½, 392/0; 15½ x 16, 399/6; 16 x 16, 406/0; 16 x 16½, 413/6; 16½ x 16½, 420/0; 16½ x 17, 427/6; 17 x 17, 434/0; 17 x 17½, 441/6; 17½ x 17½, 448/0; 17½ x 18, 455/6; 18 x 18, 462/0; 18 x 18½, 469/6; 18½ x 18½, 476/0; 18½ x 19, 483/6; 19 x 19, 490/0; 19 x 19½, 497/6; 19½ x 19½, 504/0; 19½ x 20, 511/6; 20 x 20, 518/0; 20 x 20½, 525/6; 20½ x 20½, 532/0; 20½ x 21, 539/6; 21 x 21, 546/0; 21 x 21½, 553/6; 21½ x 21½, 560/0; 21½ x 22, 567/6; 22 x 22, 574/0; 22 x 22½, 581/6; 22½ x 22½, 588/0; 22½ x 23, 595/6; 23 x 23, 602/0; 23 x 23½, 609/6; 23½ x 23½, 616/0; 23½ x 24, 623/6; 24 x 24, 630/0; 24 x 24½, 637/6; 24½ x 24½, 644/0; 24½ x 25, 651/6; 25 x 25, 658/0; 25 x 25½, 665/6; 25½ x 25½, 672/0; 25½ x 26, 679/6; 26 x 26, 686/0; 26 x 26½, 693/6; 26½ x 26½, 700/0; 26½ x 27, 707/6; 27 x 27, 714/0; 27 x 27½, 721/6; 27½ x 27½, 728/0; 27½ x 28, 735/6; 28 x 28, 742/0; 28 x 28½, 749/6; 28½ x 28½, 756/0; 28½ x 29, 763/6; 29 x 29, 770/0; 29 x 29½, 777/6; 29½ x 29½, 784/0; 29½ x 30, 791/6; 30 x 30, 798/0; 30 x 30½, 805/6; 30½ x 30½, 812/0; 30½ x 31, 819/6; 31 x 31, 826/0; 31 x 31½, 833/6; 31½ x 31½, 840/0; 31½ x 32, 847/6; 32 x 32, 854/0; 32 x 32½, 861/6; 32½ x 32½, 868/0; 32½ x 33, 875/6; 33 x 33, 882/0; 33 x 33½, 889/6; 33½ x 33½, 896/0; 33½ x 34, 903/6; 34 x 34, 910/0; 34 x 34½, 917/6; 34½ x 34½, 924/0; 34½ x 35, 931/6; 35 x 35, 938/0; 35 x 35½, 945/6; 35½ x 35½, 952/0; 35½ x 36, 959/6; 36 x 36, 966/0; 36 x 36½, 973/6; 36½ x 36½, 980/0; 36½ x 37, 987/6; 37 x 37, 994/0; 37 x 37½, 1001/6; 37½ x 37½, 1008/0; 37½ x 38, 1015/6; 38 x 38, 1022/0; 38 x 38½, 1029/6; 38½ x 38½, 1036/0; 38½ x 39, 1043/6; 39 x 39, 1050/0; 39 x 39½, 1057/6; 39½ x 39½, 1064/0; 39½ x 40, 1071/6; 40 x 40, 1078/0; 40 x 40½, 1085/6; 40½ x 40½, 1092/0; 40½ x 41, 1099/6; 41 x 41, 1106/0; 41 x 41½, 1113/6; 41½ x 41½, 1120/0; 41½ x 42, 1127/6; 42 x 42, 1134/0; 42 x 42½, 1141/6; 42½ x 42½, 1148/0; 42½ x 43, 1155/6; 43 x 43, 1162/0; 43 x 43½, 1169/6; 43½ x 43½, 1176/0; 43½ x 44, 1183/6; 44 x 44, 1190/0; 44 x 44½, 1197/6; 44½ x 44½, 1204/0; 44½ x 45, 1211/6; 45 x 45, 1218/0; 45 x 45½, 1225/6; 45½ x 45½, 1232/0; 45½ x 46, 1239/6; 46 x 46, 1246/0; 46 x 46½, 1253/6; 46½ x 46½, 1260/0; 46½ x 47, 1267/6; 47 x 47, 1274/0; 47 x 47½, 1281/6; 47½ x 47½, 1288/0; 47½ x 48, 1295/6; 48 x 48, 1302/0; 48 x 48½, 1309/6; 48½ x 48½, 1316/0; 48½ x 49, 1323/6; 49 x 49, 1330/0; 49 x 49½, 1337/6; 49½ x 49½, 1344/0; 49½ x 50, 1351/6; 50 x 50, 1358/0; 50 x 50½, 1365/6; 50½ x 50½, 1372/0; 50½ x 51, 1379/6; 51 x 51, 1386/0; 51 x 51½, 1393/6; 51½ x 51½, 1400/0; 51½ x 52, 1407/6; 52 x 52, 1414/0; 52 x 52½, 1421/6; 52½ x 52½, 1428/0; 52½ x 53, 1435/6; 53 x 53, 1442/0; 53 x 53½, 1449/6; 53½ x 53½, 1456/0; 53½ x 54, 1463/6; 54 x 54, 1470/0; 54 x 54½, 1477/6; 54½ x 54½, 1484/0; 54½ x 55, 1491/6; 55 x 55, 1498/0; 55 x 55½, 1505/6; 55½ x 55½, 1512/0; 55½ x 56, 1519/6; 56 x 56, 1526/0; 56 x 56½, 1533/6; 56½ x 56½, 1540/0; 56½ x 57, 1547/6; 57 x 57, 1554/0; 57 x 57½, 1561/6; 57½ x 57½, 1568/0; 57½ x 58, 1575/6; 58 x 58, 1582/0; 58 x 58½, 1589/6; 58½ x 58½, 1596/0; 58½ x 59, 1603/6; 59 x 59, 1610/0; 59 x 59½, 1617/6; 59½ x 59½, 1624/0; 59½ x 60, 1631/6; 60 x 60, 1638/0; 60 x 60½, 1645/6; 60½ x 60½, 1652/0; 60½ x 61, 1659/6; 61 x 61, 1666/0; 61 x 61½, 1673/6; 61½ x 61½, 1680/0; 61½ x 62, 1687/6; 62 x 62, 1694/0; 62 x 62½, 1701/6; 62½ x 62½, 1708/0; 62½ x 63, 1715/6; 63 x 63, 1722/0; 63 x 63½, 1729/6; 63½ x 63½, 1736/0; 63½ x 64, 1743/6; 64 x 64, 1750/0; 64 x 64½, 1757/6; 64½ x 64½, 1764/0; 64½ x 65, 1771/6; 65 x 65, 1778/0; 65 x 65½, 1785/6; 65½ x 65½, 1792/0; 65½ x 66, 1799/6; 66 x 66, 1806/0; 66 x 66½, 1813/6; 66½ x 66½, 1820/0; 66½ x 67, 1827/6; 67 x 67, 1834/0; 67 x 67½, 1841/6; 67½ x 67½, 1848/0; 67½ x 68, 1855/6; 68 x 68, 1862/0; 68 x 68½, 1869/6; 68½ x 68½, 1876/0; 68½ x 69, 1883/6; 69 x 69, 1890/0; 69 x 69½, 1897/6; 69½ x 69½, 1904/0; 69½ x 70, 1911/6; 70 x 70, 1918/0; 70 x 70½, 1925/6; 70½ x 70½, 1932/0; 70½ x 71, 1939/6; 71 x 71, 1946/0; 71 x 71½, 1953/6; 71½ x 71½, 1960/0; 71½ x 72, 1967/6; 72 x 72, 1974/0; 72 x 72½, 1981/6; 72½ x 72½, 1988/0; 72½ x 73, 1995/6; 73 x 73, 2002/0; 73 x 73½, 2009/6; 73½ x 73½, 2016/0; 73½ x 74, 2023/6; 74 x 74, 2030/0; 74 x 74½, 2037/6; 74½ x 74½, 2044/0; 74½ x 75, 2051/6; 75 x 75, 2058/0; 75 x 75½, 2065/6; 75½ x 75½, 2072/0; 75½ x 76, 2079/6; 76 x 76, 2086/0; 76 x 76½, 2093/6; 76½ x 76½, 2100/0; 76½ x 77, 2107/6; 77 x 77, 2114/0; 77 x 77½, 2121/6; 77½ x 77½, 2128/0; 77½ x 78, 2135/6; 78 x 78, 2142/0; 78 x 78½, 2149/6; 78½ x 78½, 2156/0; 78½ x 79, 2163/6; 79 x 79, 2170/0; 79 x 79½, 2177/6; 79½ x 79½, 2184/0; 79½ x 80, 2191/6; 80 x 80, 2198/0; 80 x 80½, 2205/6; 80½ x 80½, 2212/0; 80½ x 81, 2219/6; 81 x 81, 2226/0; 81 x 81½, 2233/6; 81½ x 81½, 2240/0; 81½ x 82, 2247/6; 82 x 82, 2254/0; 82 x 82½, 2261/6; 82½ x 82½, 2268/0; 82½ x 83, 2275/6; 83 x 83, 2282/0; 83 x 83½, 2289/6; 83½ x 83½, 2296/0; 83½ x 84, 2303/6; 84 x 84, 2310/0; 84 x 84½, 2317/6; 84½ x 84½, 2324/0; 84½ x 85, 2331/6; 85 x 85, 2338/0; 85 x 85½, 2345/6; 85½ x 85½, 2352/0; 85½ x 86, 2359/6; 86 x 86, 2366/0; 86 x 86½, 2373/6; 86½ x 86½, 2380/0; 86½ x 87, 2387/6; 87 x 87, 2394/0; 87 x 87½, 2401/6; 87½ x 87½, 2408/0; 87½ x 88, 2415/6; 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114½ x 114½, 3164/0; 114½ x 115, 3171/6; 115 x 115, 3178/0; 115 x 115½, 3185/6; 115½ x 115½, 3192/0; 115½ x 116, 3199/6; 116 x 116, 3206/0; 116 x 116½, 3213/6; 116½ x 116½, 3220/0; 116½ x 117, 3227/6; 117 x 117, 3234/0; 117 x 117½, 3241/6; 117½ x 117½, 3248/0; 117½ x 118, 3255/6; 118 x 118, 3262/0; 118 x 118½, 3269/6; 118½ x 118½, 3276/0; 118½ x 119, 3283/6; 119 x 119, 3290/0; 119 x 119½, 3297/6; 119½ x 119½, 3304/0; 119½ x 120, 3311/6; 120 x 120, 3318/0; 120 x 120½, 3325/6; 120½ x 120½, 3332/0; 120½ x 121, 3339/6; 121 x 121, 3346/0; 121 x 121½, 3353/6; 121½ x 121½, 3360/0; 121½ x 122, 3367/6; 122 x 122, 3374/0; 122 x 122½, 3381/6; 122½ x 122½, 3388/0; 122½ x 123, 3395/6; 123 x 123, 3402/0; 123 x 123½, 3409/6; 123½ x 123½, 3416/0; 123½ x 124, 3423/6; 124 x 124, 3430/0; 124 x 124½, 3437/6; 124½ x 124½, 3444/0; 124½ x 125, 3451/6; 125 x 125, 3458/0; 125 x 125½, 3465/6; 125½ x 125½, 3472/0; 125½ x 126, 3479/6; 126 x 126, 3486/0; 126 x 126½, 3493/6; 126½ x 126½, 3500/0; 126½ x 127, 3507/6; 127 x 127, 3514/0; 127 x 127½, 3521/6; 127½ x 127½, 3528/0; 127½ x 128, 3535/6; 128 x 128, 3542/0; 128 x 128½, 3549/6; 128½ x 128½, 3556/0; 128½ x 129, 3563/6; 129 x 129, 3570/0; 129 x 129½, 3577/6; 129½ x 129½, 3584/0; 129½ x 130, 3591/6; 130 x 130, 3598/0; 130 x 130½, 3605/6; 130½ x 130½, 3612/0; 130½ x 131, 3619/6; 131 x 131, 3626/0; 131 x 131½, 3633/6; 131½ x 131½, 3640/0; 131½ x 132, 3647/6; 132 x 132, 3654/0; 132 x 132½, 3661/6; 132½ x 132½, 3668/0; 132½ x 133, 3675/6; 133 x 133, 3682/0; 133 x 133½, 3689/6; 133½ x 133½, 3696/0; 133½ x 134, 3703/6; 134 x 134, 3710/0; 134 x 134½, 3717/6; 134½ x 134½, 3724/0; 134½ x 135, 3731/6; 135 x 135, 3738/0; 135 x 135½, 3745/6; 135½ x 135½, 3752/0; 135½ x 136, 3759/6; 136 x 136, 3766/0; 136 x 136½, 3773/6; 136½ x 136½, 3780/0; 136½ x 137, 3787/6; 137 x 137, 3794/0; 137 x 137½, 3801/6; 137½ x 137½, 3808/0; 137½ x 138, 3815/6; 138 x 138, 3822/0; 138 x 138½, 3829/6; 138½ x 138½, 3836/0; 138½ x 139, 3843/6; 139 x 139, 3850/0; 139 x 139½, 3857/6; 139½ x 139½, 3864/0; 139½ x 140, 3871/6; 140 x 140, 3878/0; 140 x 140½, 3885/6; 140½ x 140½, 3892/0; 140½ x 141, 3899/6; 141 x 141, 3906/0; 141 x 141½, 3913/6; 141½ x 141½, 3920/0; 141½ x 142, 3927/6; 142 x 142, 3934/0; 142 x 142½, 3941/6; 142½ x 142½, 3948/0; 142½ x 143, 3955/6; 143 x 143, 3962/0; 143 x 143½, 3969/6; 143½ x 143½, 3976/0; 143½ x 144, 3983/6; 144 x 144, 3990/0; 144 x 144½, 3997/6; 144½ x 144½, 4004/0; 144½ x 145, 4011/6; 145 x 145, 4018/0; 145 x 145½, 4025/6; 145½ x 145½, 4032/0; 145½ x 146, 4039/6; 146 x 146, 4046/0; 146 x 146½, 4053/6; 146½ x 146½, 4060/0; 146½ x 147, 4067/6; 147 x 147, 4074/0; 147 x 147½, 4081/6; 147½ x 147½, 4088/0; 147½ x 148, 4095/6; 148 x 148, 4102/0; 148 x 148½, 4109/6; 148½ x 148½, 4116/0; 148½ x 149, 4123/6; 149 x 149, 4130/0; 149 x 149½, 4137/6; 149½ x 149½, 4144/0; 149½ x 150, 4151/6; 150 x 150, 4158/0; 150 x 150½, 4165/6; 150½ x 150½, 4172/0; 150½ x 151, 4179/6; 151 x 151, 4186/0; 151 x 151½, 4193/6; 151½ x 151½, 4200/0; 151½ x 152, 4207/6; 152 x 152, 4214/0; 152 x 152½, 4221/6; 152½ x 152½, 4228/0; 152½ x 153, 4235/6; 153 x 153, 4242/0; 153 x 153½, 4249/6; 153½ x 153½, 4256/0; 153½ x 154, 4263/6; 154 x 154, 4270/0; 154 x 154½, 4277/6; 154½ x 154½, 4284/0; 154½ x 155, 4291/6; 155 x 155, 4298/0; 155 x 155½, 4305/6; 155½ x 155½, 4312/0; 155½ x 156, 4319/6; 156 x 156, 4326/0; 156 x 156½, 4333/6; 156½ x 156½, 4340/0; 156½ x 157, 4347/6; 157 x 157, 4354/0; 157 x 157½, 4361/6; 157½ x 157½, 4368/0; 157½ x 158, 4375/6; 158 x 158, 4382/0; 158 x 158½, 4389/6; 158½ x 158½, 4396/0; 158½ x 159, 4403/6; 159 x 159, 4410/0; 159 x 159½, 4417/6; 159½ x 159½, 4424/0; 159½ x 160, 4431/6; 160 x 160, 4438/0; 160 x 160½, 4445/6; 160½ x 160½, 4452/0; 160½ x 161, 4459/6; 161 x 161, 4466/0; 161 x 161½, 4473/6; 161½ x 161½, 4480/0; 161½ x 162, 4487/6; 162 x 162, 4494/0; 162 x 162½, 4501/6; 162



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

**THE** will (dated July 18, 1912) of **SIR JOHN WILLIAM RAMSDEN, Bt.,** of BYOM, York, and Bulstrode Park, Gerrards Cross, who died on April 15, is proved by his son, the value of the unsettled property being £489,028. The testator gives £20,000 to his son to be applied according to his wishes; £5000 and an annuity of £5000 to his daughter **Hermione Charlotte Ramsden**; 50,000 ft shares in the **Tali Aver Rubber Estates** in trust for his grandson **Richard Brinsley Ford**; £1000 to his cousin **Lord Munster**; £1000 to his former private secretary **Wm. Hy Wadhiam Powell**; and the residue to his son **Sir John Frecheville Ramsden**.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1914) of **LADY LILIAN HARRIET YORKE**, widow of **Sir Henry Yorke**, of Hillbrook Place, Iwer Heath, who died on April 11, is proved by her son **Maurice Francis Yorke**, the value of the property being £20,300 9s. 7d. She gives £1000 each, her writing tables, her lace other than that in "Mrs. Yerkes' box," and the "Polly" plate and jewels to her daughters, the **Countess of Crawford** and **Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley**; and the residue to her son.

The will (dated March 18, 1914) of **MISS SARAH ANNE ADAMS**, of **Fillongley Lodge**, near Coventry, who died on March 20, is proved by **John Caddick** and **William Henry South**, the value of the estate being £500,880, including net personality of £108,685. The testatrix gives £40,000, **Fillongley Lodge** and contents, and property in **Warwick and Stafford** to **John Caddick**; £20,000 and property at **Kidderminster** to **Mrs. Emma O'ahan**; £10,000 each to **Rupert Adams** and **Charles Ernest Adams**; £5000 to the **Rev. Francis John Adams**; £6000 to her godson the **Rev. Sydney Caddick**; £3000 to **William Henry South**; £2500 each to **Mary Emily Adams** and **Caroline E. Adams**; £1000 each to the **Birmingham General Hospital**, the **Coventry and Warwick Hospital**, the **Cottage Hospital, Walsall**, and the **Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals**; and other legacies. The residue is to be divided into four parts: one of which she left to **Mrs. O'ahan**; one to **John Caddick**; one to the children of the late **Rupert Adams**; and one to the children of the late **Francis John Adams**.

The will of **MR. JOHN GROVER**, of **Heather Bank**, **Hindhead**, and the **Wilton Works**, **Islington**, builder, who died on Sept. 30, has been proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £132,244. The testator gives £1000 and a sum equal to the amount standing to the **Charity Account** in his private ledger, to his wife; an annuity of £104, to be increased to £156 on the decease of **Mrs. Grover**, to his son **Frank**; and to debentures of £500 each in the **Burleigh Mansions, Ltd.**, to the executors to be applied for ten years in charitable objects, and subject thereto for the **Congregational Churches at Haslemere, Hammer, and Beacon Hill**. The residue is to be held in trust for his children **Arthur, Edward George, Hugh Manwaring, Sarah Edith, Agnes Marion, Ethel Mary, and Helen**.

The will (dated April 3, 1914) of **MR. SAMUEL SHARP BERGER**, of 27, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, and 1, First Avenue, Hove, who died on April 18, has been proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £192,650. The testator gives £500, the use of his town house, and the income from £55,000 and 1300 £10 shares in **Samuel Berger and Co., Ltd.**, to his wife; various shares in that company to his four children; £500 to the **Foundling Hospital**; a picture by **Velasquez** to his eldest son; £100 to **William Fletcher Bate**; legacies to executors; and the residue to his children.

The following important wills have been proved

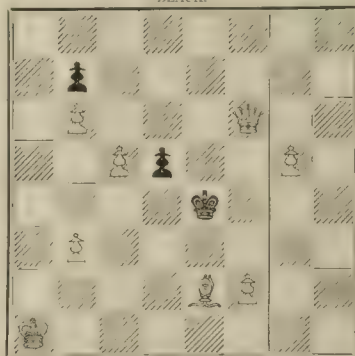
**Mr. William Irwin Robert Crowder**, **Eden Mount, Stanwix, Carlisle**.  
**Miss Amanda Cooper**, 24, Chester Road, Southport.  
**Mr. Allan Henry Mumford**, **The Lodge, East Bergholt, Essex**.  
**Mr. Henry Exell Rogers**, **Oakley Manor, Shrewsbury**.  
**Mr. Joseph Earnshaw**, **Bridlington, Yorks**.  
**Mr. George Paterson**, 40, Kildare Crescent, W.  
**Mrs. Georgina Amy Wiggins**, **Langley Park Road, Sutton, Surrey**.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

PROBLEM No. 3655.—By C. H. MORANO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3652.—By W. A. LARK.

WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. B to Kt 4th. Any move.  
 2. Q, R, or B mates accordingly.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the St. Petersburg Tournament, between Messrs.

ALICIN and LAPALMESA.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. Q to Kt 7th	Q takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	2. Q takes B P	Q to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	3. Q takes R P	

Pawn hunting expeditions by the Queen are rarely successful, and here is no exception.

1. K to B sq. Kt to Q 4th.  
 2. R to Q 2nd. Kt takes P.

By this beautiful sacrifice White's position is rapidly broken up, and as he is practically ruining his Queen, the end soon comes.

1. K takes Kt. Q to Kt 5th (ch).  
 2. K to B sq. Q to R 6th (ch).  
 3. K to K 2nd. R takes B (ch).  
 4. P takes R. Q takes K P (ch).  
 5. K to Q sq. Q takes R (ch).  
 6. K to B 2nd. Q to K 5th (ch).  
 7. K to Kt 3rd. Q to H 3rd.  
 8. P to Q R 4th. P to Q 4th.  
 9. P to R 5th. Q to Kt 4th (ch).  
 10. K to R 3rd. R to Kt sq.  
 11. K to R 2nd. P to R 3rd.

Mate is now forced in a few moves. Another fine exhibition by the Cuban master.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3647 received from N H Newall (Madison, Wis., U.S.A.); of No. 3648 from J Murray (Quebec), and J W Beatty (Toronto); of No. 3649 from C Walling (Philadelphia), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), J Murray, and J W Beatty; of No. 3650 from L Schlu (Vienna) and W Miller (Malta); of No. 3651 from J Verrall (Rothwell), J B Camara (Madeira), Blair Cochrane (Harteng), E P Stephenson (Llandudno), R J Lonsdale, H S Brandreth (Montreux), Ernst Holzappel (Freiburg), T Vetherall (Manchester), W Lilie (Marple); of No. 3652 from Julia Short (Exeter), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), J Cohn (Berlin), J Green (Boulogne), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W J Bearne (Paignton), Blair H Cochrane, H S Brandreth, E W Thomas (Aberystwith), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), G Bakker (Rotterdam), W Best (Dorchester), H F Deakin (Fulwood), W Dittell Jassens (Apeldoorn), J Gamble (Lorne), W H Silk (Birmingham), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), J C Stackschneider (Torquay), H Grasset Baldwin (Kensington), R J Lonsdale, J Smart, Rev. J Christie (Redditch), H J M, R Worters (Canterbury), F W Young (Shaftesbury), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), F Haydon (Colchester), F Smeat, T Wetherall (Manchester), R G Hesley (Leatherhead), H H H, Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham), and F Brooks (Bristol).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3653 received from H S Brandreth (Paris), A H Arthur (Bath), J Fowler, L Schlu (Vienna), W Best (Dorchester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J Cohn (Berlin), J Green (Boulogne), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J C Stackschneider (Torquay), W H Silk (Birmingham), H F Deakin (Fulwood), H Grasset Baldwin (Kensington), and J Smart.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Literary Supplement for June.



## A GALLERY OF GREAT WRITERS: NO. III.—MR. JACK LONDON.

Mr. Jack London, the famous American novelist, was born in San Francisco in 1876, and throughout his life has had a career which has enabled him to base his books of adventure upon personal experience. At the age of eleven he became a newsboy, but the adventure-lust coming upon him, he joined the oyster-pirates, became in turn a sailor, a salmon-fisherman, and was occupied on a fish-patrol. He then shipped before the mast, went

seal-hunting, and after that, becoming imbued with Socialistic ideas, he became a tramp, the pursuance of which "profession" has given us "The Road." To his experiences in the Klondike on the first gold rush we owe many of his best books, such as "The Call of the Wild," "Burning Daylight," etc. His first book was published in 1900; since when he has achieved a reputation and success which few writers have been able to equal.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mills and Boon, the publishers of Mr. Jack London's later works.*



# MEMOIRS AND HISTORICAL

CLIO IN VARIOUS MOODS.

OF all, and it is not little, that has been written about the recent conflict in the Near East, the "INNER HISTORY OF THE BALKAN WAR," by Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Rankin (*Constable*), will take an easy first place for absorbing interest and illuminating power. Apart from its wealth of detail regarding the campaign, the book is distinguished by its revelation of a remarkable personality, the story of whose life and work adds yet another corroboration to the old adage that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Hitherto a few lines in the *Westminster Gazette* have been the only definite attempt to make the British Public free of a romantic story which will one day occupy a central place in all records of the great movement against Turkey. The work of bringing the Balkan States into line was done, by one man, and that man, *mirabile dictu*, no professed politician. He had not even official rank. A generation ago, James David Bouchier, now a name to conjure with in the Near East, was a master at Eton, popular with his boys, of whom Colonel Rankin was one, but not in the first flight of pedagogues, for he was handicapped by deafness. Leaving a profession which offered him small prospect of success, Mr. Bouchier went to the Balkan Peninsula, saw for himself the disabilities and miseries of the Christian subjects of Turkey, and saw also that their only hope lay in the combined action of the Balkan States. He did Crete some service, and then, increasing the influence gained there, he passed from Court to Court pursuing his great object, bringing Greece into agreement with Bulgaria and Bulgaria with Serbia. There is more than a suspicion that, although he failed to include Roumania in his scheme, the neutrality of that kingdom may have been due to his influence. Every line of the story is romantic, the very accessories breath romance. We find Bouchier and Venezelos, in the course of their unofficial conferences, making a pilgrimage to Byron's tomb; it was during an ascent of Mount Pelion that the Greek Premier told the Irish ex-schoolmaster that

he had finally approved the draft treaty of a Græco-Bulgarian alliance against Turkey. Not in international council chambers, but in private conversations such as these, Bouchier the ubiquitous brought to fruition "a calculation simmering in the brain of an unofficial Irishman who for love of them, had given half his life to the service of the Balkan peoples." The tremendous results of that calculation form the major part of a book written with minute knowledge and singular charm. Colonel Rankin colours war-correspondence and political history with the individuality of a scholar, a soldier, and a statesman.

A lighter note in political history is struck by Mme. Waddington in "MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCH-WOMAN" (*Smith, Elder*). The writer was married to M. Waddington just after the fall of the Second Empire; and as the wife of one who occupied important Ministries and was afterwards Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, she enjoyed a near view of French political life during the crucial years when the fate of the Republic still hung in the balance. M. Waddington was of English descent and English by education, but he was at the same time a devoted

son of France. Mme. Waddington is an American, gifted with a large share of her countrywomen's observant vivacity. She has already shown what she can do as an entertaining writer of social memoirs, and her new book will add to her reputation. Her self-revelation is

parish, London. We know also many new details of her family history. She was well connected, but poverty and natural inclination drove her to the stage.

Of theatrical life at the end of the eighteenth century Mrs. Jerrold draws no very pleasing picture. Mrs. Jordan served her apprenticeship to art and life in a rough school. Victimized by a villainous manager, Daly, she thereafter led the lighter life. Seeing that the legal bond obstinately eluded her, she always behaved as a faithful wife during the period of any particular attachment. To Clarence she proved an exemplary spouse and mother of his ten Fitzclarences. He, it is almost certain, lived on her earnings, and in the end cast her off shamefully. Mrs. Jerrold has done well to trounce his memory, and to show Dorothy as the victim of her generosity and self-sacrifice.



Photo. Valentine.

STATUE OF THE VICTOR OVER COLBRAND, THE DANE, CUT IN THE ROCK: GUY'S CLIFF, THE RETREAT OF GUY OF WARWICK.

"Within the Chapel, cut in the rock, is a gigantic statue of Sir Guy; it is about nine feet high and represents him as warrior, the victor over Colbrand the Dane. Shakespeare, doubtless, had this figure in his mind when he writes: 'I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before me.'"

From "The Hermits and Anchorites of England."

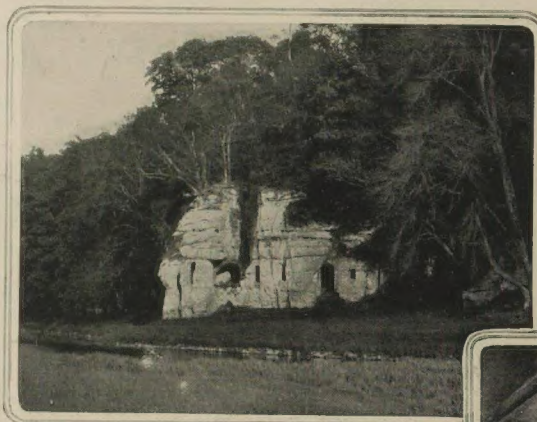


Photo. Keene, Derby.

BELIEVED FORMERLY TO HAVE SHELTERED AN "ANKER": THE CAVE-PIERCED ROCK NEAR REPTON, CALLED ANCHOR CHURCH.

"Near Repton, is the cave-pierced rock called Anchor Church, which from its name is believed to have sheltered an 'Anker.' It has been suggested that this was the abode of the hermit mentioned by John of Tynemouth, who used to visit Modwen, the legendary lady of Burton."

From "The Hermits and Anchorites of England"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

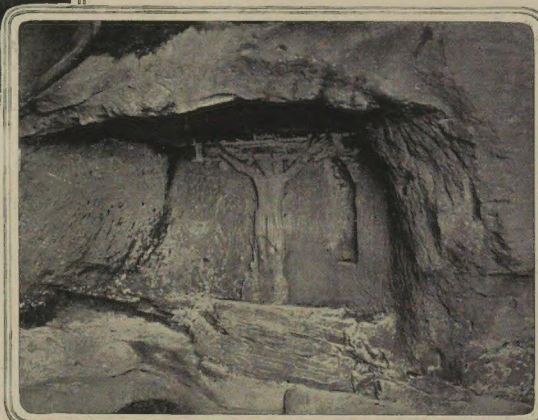


Photo. Keene, Derby.

A WORK OF FAITH BY THE HAND OF AN UNKNOWN HERMIT: THE ROOD IN A CAVE IN THE CRATCLIFF ROCKS.

"A manuscript Rule of hermits, dating from the fourteenth century (probably contemporary with this sculpture), says: 'Let it suffice thee to have on thine altar an image of the Saviour hanging upon the Cross, which represents to thee His Passion which thou shalt imitate, inviting thee with outspread arms to Himself.'"

From "The Hermits and Anchorites of England"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.



NAMED AFTER A FAMOUS HERMIT: CHAPEL OF ST. ROBERT, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AT KNARESBOROUGH.

"Nothing is known of the history of the Chapel now called 'St. Robert's,' in the crag below the castle. The tiny building contains an altar, piscina, niche, and seat, all carved out of the rock. Near the entrance is a figure with a drawn sword, the origin and meaning of which are alike unknown."—[From "The Hermits and Anchorites of England."]

very charming in its frank discretion. She came, on her marriage, to a very difficult position. Party feeling still ran high after the war, and French Society was torn with dissensions, very perplexing to a stranger. But Mme. Waddington's tact and caution carried her safely through. Her sketches of Parisian Society make a most interesting foot-note to history, and her character-studies are finished, sometimes to the point of being exquisite.

From these records of epoch-making events it is something of a descent to the old scandal of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) and Mrs. Jordan. Viewed in certain lights, that adventure is not edifying; but it has its edifying side, which has been very fully vindicated by Mrs. Jerrold in "THE STORY OF DOROTHY JORDAN" (*Nash*). A great deal of patient research has gone to the making and justification of this retelling of a well-worn tale. Mrs. Jerrold has cleared up many obscure points of biography. Of these false mystery has been made. The author sweeps it boldly away as no mystery at all. Hitherto no one had taken the trouble to find out the truth. We know now and have documentary evidence that Dorothy Bland was born in St. Martin's

From that unsanctified narrative, editorial prescription, possibly by way of expiation, leads us to the last book under present consideration, "THE HERMITS AND ANCHORITES OF ENGLAND," by Rotha Mary Clay. The volume is the most recent addition to Messrs. Methuen's delightful series, "The Antiquary's Books," wherein so many pleasant by-ways of history are explored. The solitary has always been an interesting figure; without him one department of romantic fiction and romantic poetry would have lost a convenient vehicle for beneficence. He aids hapless lovers, he shelters knights who have lost their way in the forest. Here he is shown as the pioneer of philanthropic work. His history is full of curious detail. Strictly speaking, the solitary religious were of two classes—the anchorite, enclosed within four walls; and the hermit, who mingled with the world. They lived under "rule" in the same way as monastic bodies. The present volume quotes in full the "Office for the Enclosing of Anchorites" and an "Office for the Benediction of Hermits." The latter, from a sixteenth-century Pontifical, prescribes how "a hermit, heartily turning from the vanity of the world, shall make his profession. The bishop or his commissary shall celebrate mass, and then the intending hermit shall enter in his usual garments and bearing over his arm his scapular and other vestments pertaining to his profession of hermitage." The ritual is elaborate and beautiful, but its object is to the modern world a thing of small esteem.



## NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

THE new fiction—that is, inevitably, the old fiction come into its own again. . . . Thomas More discovered Utopia in the sixteenth century, and in the twentieth the wheel swings full circle to H. G. Wells. We shall see presently that there is nothing new in fiction under the sun, not even when an author explores the realms of fancy with a lively sense of personal adventure. The difference lies, of course, in the outlook of the adventurer, and here comes in a certain degree of novelty. The self-consciousness of the present literary generation is sharpened to an edge unknown to its forebears.

"THE WORLD SET FREE" (*Macmillan*) has a breadth that entitles it to the first place. Mr. Wells has set himself to describe the effect of the arrival of a new motive power, which brings into human life a strange swirl different from any previous circling or mutation, a swirl like the swirl when the lock-gates begin to open. . . . The application of atomic energy to the world's uses displaces the costly and cumbrous motive powers in existence, and turns the social system, poised on a globe upheld by wage-earning Labour, topsy-turvy in a twinkling. It is always a thought-provoking entertainment to see Mr. Wells fitting science to his theories, and it would be ill to refuse to believe that his prophetic shots at the future may not hit the bull's-eye. Yet these visions of the revolution of mankind, the abolition of national barriers, the remarkable self-effacement of the European Kings, do seem to us just a little too ingenious to possess solid value. The regeneration of man will arise, we are invited to conceive, from the projection of atomic bombs into the capitals of Europe, where their continuous, radio-activity creates deserts, and dissipates for evermore the practicability of international war. This is the idealist playing with science, and beautifully imagining (as Mr. Henry James would say) its beautiful possibilities. The review of evolution in the prelude is at least as good as what follows. "Man began to think. . . . He scratched upon a bone and found resemblance, and pursued it and began pictorial art; moulded the soft warm clay of the river brink . . . shaped it into the form of vessels and found it would hold water." "He made astonishingly far-reaching discoveries within himself, first of counting, and then of writing and making records, and with that his town communities began to stretch out to dominion." "Men specialised for fighting, and began to rule as soldiers and knights." And so on—as succinct as you

please, leading to the Wellsian philosophy that is, to us, the least convincing part of this characteristically Wellsian book. The truth may be that Mr. Wells is still experimenting progressively. We have seen him in the throes of the Everlasting Nay in "Tono Bungay." It is not possible to feel at all confident that "The World Set Free" expresses his arrival at his destination. But the processes of his mind, however mutable, are always fascinating to observe.

Mr. Archibald Marshall, who is reviving the method of a novelist no further away than Trollope, is to be heartily congratulated on "RODING RECTORY" (*Stanley Paul*). The friend-of-the-family writer has been overdue for some time, and the public has every reason to rejoice that the author of "Eaton Manor" has now settled into his kindly office. Mr. Marshall is not greatly concerned with creating characters. He prefers to enlarge a type. Roding is a little country town, not too small to contain the Good Samaritan, a saint, the usual hypocrites and sinners, and the usual opportunities for high and low to practise, or abuse, the cardinal Christian virtues. The Rector is a moderate, sincere gentleman with a delightful wife and family—the most delightful family in fiction since the Clintons. He is on good terms with his parish and himself, in spite of the hostility of Mr. Gosset, the Nonconformist grocer. The balance is evenly held between Anglicans and Dissenters, the good Rector being measured against the saintly Dr. Merrow of Roding Chapel, and Mr. Gosset's malice being well matched by the spite of the orthodox spinster, poor Miss Budd. Gosset's son had disgraced himself with a young woman, and the Rector and his curate had both been in opposition to Gosset over the adjustment of the affair, to the latter's fury and disgust, when a similar sin of the Rector's youth rose suddenly to light. How good came out of bitter humiliation, and how serenity descended upon Roding parish after scandal had done its worst, is admirably told. This is a charming story. It touches the little, humdrum English life with a sympathetic understanding that the common sin, the common stumbling-block, is not less painful or obstructive because it repeats itself in the lives of so many men. It should be added here, in case people may think this sounds too improving to be digestible, that the young people are quite cheerfully irresponsible, and that their lively spirit animates some of the best chapters in the book.

We were thinking of Mrs. Eleanor Mordaunt when we spoke above of the sense of personal adventure. The things that happen in "THE ISLAND" (*Heinemann*) might have been told by Boccaccio's ladies,

but never with this intense participation. They would have chattered, blushed, laughed, and wept—and looked on. She sits gazing into the mirror of her consciousness while she writes; and what she finds there she has set down in an emotion of self-revelation. Yet, perhaps, if she had not been an emotional woman she would never have wanted to write—never burned to express herself as she has done in these vivid pages. "The Island" is thrown on to the sheet with a remarkable effect of atmosphere. It is a case of seeing and smelling and tasting it when we sit down to our meals, as the political poet said of Mr. Roosevelt. It is all quite haunting, a collection of tales of love and birth and death in a tropical setting. It is exciting—not in a particularly wholesome way—and it palpitates with life, although it is life at an abnormal temperature. Also, it is well written, and we must not overlook the fact that "The Twisted Thread," at least, ends happily. Mrs. Mordaunt's imagination and feeling ensure her popularity, and if she can hold herself in restraint she will go farther yet.

"QUINNEYS" (*John Murray*) has been temperately worked out and adjusted by Mr. Vachell. There was once a man who was tempted to love his worldly possessions (in this case he was a dealer in antiques) better than flesh and blood, and was very nearly snatched, in the big fight for business supremacy, from the clinging hands of his wife and his child. Luckily for Quinney, he was a middle-class person, with strong domestic instincts, and the issue, to the reader at any rate, was never seriously in doubt. His story is a masterly little piece of psychological study of the sturdy British male who is a parent as well as a business man. Mr. Vachell invites us—not in so many words—to note that woman is a mystery, after the manner of Mr. Arnold Bennett. A mystery she remains, and seems likely to remain, to Joe Quinney, for all his masculine acumen; and we commend his history to a public of men and women.

There is no need to hesitate over "THE LOST TRIBES" (*Smith, Elder*), which can be quite simply summed up as George Birmingham in his happiest mood. It is part of the fun of the ages, gloriously fresh in its Irish setting, and gloriously free—for our generation has arrived at that—from anything base or double-edged in its laughter. It is good for people to read George Birmingham. The perfect practice is to read him aloud, out of doors, out of the reach of the midges, and to have something between twelve and twenty-two included in the audience.

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## AT THE BOOKSELLERS: SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

## FICTION.

**THE CROWNING GLORY.** By E. R. Punshon. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

Deals with the experiences of two modern young women who came to London to earn their living by typewriting and secretarial work. One of them, Sophia, developing a remarkable aptitude in stocks and shares, succeeds in getting a post in a stock-broker's office, where she starts on a very promising financial career. This, however, comes to an end with her marriage, with which the latter part of the story is concerned. The misunderstanding with her husband and the loss of her money are less interesting than the early chapters.

**THE WOMAN'S LAW.** By Maravene Thompson. (Nash.) 6s.

A melodramatic story of which the scene opens in New York. Gael Orcutt, a disillusioned young wife, discovering that her husband has committed a murder, desires for the sake of her small son's name to save her husband from the electrocutor's chair. She therefore goes out into the streets to search for a double to take his place, while the real murderer escapes to Europe. Gael succeeds in finding a man with a "stunned brain," whose likeness to her husband is sufficient to deceive everyone except the doctor under whose charge he is put. Of the romance between Gael and the double when he is released from the asylum, and how the dénouement is brought about by the doctor, it is best to leave to the reader to find out for himself. Packed with sensations and gross improbabilities, it is nevertheless a story which "thrills" all the way through.

**POTASH AND PERLMUTTER: Their Co-Partnership Ventures and Adventures.** By Montague Glass. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

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**AN ASTOUNDING GOLF MATCH.** By Stancliffe. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

Two golfing friends, Dick Defton and Barney Briston, both 6 handicap men, are unable to decide by ordinary means which is the better player of the two. They therefore undertake to play against each other in a cross-country match of nine holes. The course was a distance of 46½ miles, and they "holed out" on nine different links. This led to a series of adventures from which the necessary touch of love-interest is not missing—but what the result of the match was, and the score of the two opponents, it would be hardly fair to divulge. The reader will find it a bright and entertaining story, whether he is a golfer or not.

## TRAVEL.

**MEXICO: The Land of Unrest.** By H. Baerlein. (Simpkin, Marshall.) 7s. 6d. net.

The second edition of Mr. Baerlein's book, appearing as it does at a moment when all eyes are centred upon Mexico, is very opportune. In it the author gives a good description of the country and its administration, and a vivid account of the revolution against Porfirio Diaz. He throws many insights on the politics of a country where modern civilisation is shown only on the surface, and whose leading men appear to be fighting merely to secure lucrative positions for themselves. This book contains a new Preface, but the rest of it was reviewed by us when it first appeared in 1913.

**BY THE WATERS OF GERMANY.** By Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul.) 12s. 6d. net.

The author of "By the Waters of Sicily," "By the Waters of Carthage," "By the Waters of Egypt," and "By the Waters of Italy," now adds a fifth volume to her series. She has chosen for the "waters" of her present book the historic rivers of the Rhine, and Pegnitz, and the Tauber, and gives an account of a summer holiday spent with a young German girl, showing for how little money a delightful time may be had in Germany. "Being economical makes one wondrous mean," writes Miss Lorimer when she explains how, for £14 each, they went to Rothenburg and back, taking on their way such places as Cologne, Nordeck, Marburg, Karlsruhe, Baden Baden, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, and Frankfurt. Rothenburg is described in one of the chapters as the "Taormina of Germany," and many a reader will feel drawn to visit this mediæval town after reading

so fascinating an account of it, and the rooms of the inn in which they stayed for the modest sum of one mark fifty each per night. Mr. Douglas Sladen writes the Preface to this book, concluding it with the remark that "those who desire an ideal cheap holiday in Germany could not do better than make 'By the Waters of Germany' their text-book."

**EIGHT YEARS IN GERMANY.** By I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills and Boon.) 10s. 6d. net.

Two or three years ago Miss Wylie wrote a book called "My German Year," which she has now followed up with another volume upon the Fatherland. In this latest book the author sets out to give us "the sincere impressions of eight happy years," spent among a people that she tells us the average Englishman completely misunderstands, although he may talk about them as his cousins; and she asks us "to untie our bundles of manufactured prejudices concerning him and start afresh." There are chapters giving a new point of view about the Army and the position of women in Germany. Generally speaking, Miss Wylie does not break much fresh ground.

**VAGABONDS IN PERIGORD.** By H. H. Bashford. (Constable.) 4s. 6d. net.

This is an agreeable account of a walking tour in a part of France which for the sake of its beauties deserves to be better known. The three travellers—Sophronia, her husband, and Justin—started from Tulle, on a June morning, with their knapsacks on their shoulders, and spent, as they themselves expressed it, "three golden weeks" on the road; not the least part of their contentment being that during that time they met scarcely half-a-dozen people who could speak even a word of their native tongue. They stayed at many a hostelry with such a delightfully sounding name as the "Café de la Belle Etoile"; and their evident enjoyment of the scenery and their rencontres with many pleasant folk of the country are described with such a feeling of contentment and joy of life that the reader will follow these pedestrians on their journeyings with interest and entertainment from the beginning to the end of this delightful book.

## DRAMA.

**CHITRA: A Play in One Act.** By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan.) 2s. 6d. net.

A lyrical drama by the distinguished poet from the East whose powers are universally recognised (it will be remembered that he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1913). This drama is based on a story from the Mahabharata, and relates how the wanderer Arjuna saw Chitra in Manipur. Chitra is the daughter of Chitravahana, the King of the country, and, being his only child, is brought up by him as a son—a character which her natural fearlessness and skill in arms enable her to carry out perfectly. Arjuna, a Prince of the house of the Kurus, has taken a vow of chastity for twelve years, and is living as a hermit when Chitra comes across him in the forest. She falls in love with him, but he despises her on account of her unattractive appearance. Therefore, she begs Madana, the god of love, to bestow on her the boon of a year of perfect beauty as a temptation to Arjuna, who then falls a victim to her loveliness. Arjuna, tiring of his forest life, wishes once more to begin his wanderings; and Chitra, when the year of her beauty expires, appears to Arjuna as her real self, and together they set out for a life of action. A powerful dramatic poem worthy of the author of "The Gardener."

**MISALLIANCE. THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS. FANNY'S FIRST PLAY.** By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.) 6s.

A new volume in Constable's series of Bernard Shaw's plays containing "Misalliance," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," and "Fanny's First Play," also a preface "On Parents and Children." Our readers may be familiar with the three plays, which have already been produced on the stage; but lovers of Shawianisms will reap a rich harvest if they turn to the amusing treatise upon parents and children given in short-headed sections. We quote at random a few characteristic remarks: "What is a child? An experiment. A fresh attempt to produce the just man made perfect: that is, to make humanity divine. And you will vitiate the experiment if you make the slightest attempt to abort it into some fancy figure of your own: for example, your notion of a good man or a womanly woman . . . The unsympathetic, selfish, hard people who regard happiness as a very exceptional indulgence to which children are by no means entitled, though they may be allowed a very little of it on their birthdays or at Christmas, are sometimes better parents in effect than those who imagine that children are as capable of happiness as adults . . . Of the many wild absurdities of our existing social order perhaps the most grotesque is the costly and strictly enforced reservation of large tracts of country as deer forests and breeding grounds

for pheasants whilst there is so little provision of the kind made for children. I have more than once thought of trying to introduce the shooting of children as a sport, as the children would then be preserved very carefully for ten months in the year, thereby reducing their death rate far more than the fusillades of the sportsmen during the other two would raise it."

## NATURAL HISTORY.

**THE COUNTRY MONTH BY MONTH.** By J. A. Owen and G. S. Boulger, F.L.S., F.G.S. (Duckworth.) 6s. net.

The author of "Forest, Field, and Fell," and editor of the work signed "A Son of the Marshes" (under which *nom-de-plume* many articles have appeared in the columns of this paper), and Mr. Boulger, Professor of Botany and Geology, City of London College, and editor of *Nature Notes*, have collaborated in a book which conveys information in an easy manner to lovers of nature, and tells them of the sights they may observe from month to month in the hedgerow, river meads, chalk downs, or wherever wild life may be found. Mrs. Owen deals extensively with all that pertains to the birds and other animal life, while Mr. Boulger is responsible for the details of plants and insects. This book was first published in 1901, re-issued in 1909, and is now in a new edition with coloured plates and notes by the late Lord Lilford.

**BIRDS IN THE CALENDAR.** By F. G. Aflalo. (Martin Secker.) 3s. 6d. net.

Anything about birds from the pen of such a well-informed writer upon natural history as Mr. Aflalo is sure of a welcome. In this series of twelve sketches, first published in the *Outlook*, the author proves to us his intimate knowledge of bird life. He has written his book in the form of a calendar, with a bird appropriate to each month, giving us in this way the wood-pigeon in March, the seagull in August, and the owl in October. An instructive book to those interested in feathered creatures.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A YEAR IN CHICKENDOM.** By J. W. Hurst. (Fisfield.) 2s. 6d. net.

This book, by the Poultry Correspondent of the *Field*, is a chronicle of chicken-raising experiences. It is written in an entertaining way, and should prove a useful guide to those who look to make a livelihood out of their poultry-yard.

**GOLFING STEP BY STEP.** By J. McAndrew. (Mitchell.) 5s.

Written by the professional at Cruden Bay, this book—one of the many golfing books which attempt to make the beginner a scratch player—is well illustrated and bound in leather. While it cannot claim to give us any particularly novel hints, it will be found very useful by those who wish to improve their style. There is an amusing section, written in the form of a dialogue, where the professional takes out two young players, A and B, who have just started for a practice game. The professional regales the players with criticism every time a hit or attempt to hit the ball is made.

**EXERCISES FOR WOMEN.** By Florence Bolton, A.B. (Funk and Wagnalls.) 4s. net.

A book, by an ex-Director of Women's Gymnasium, Stanford University, discussing the underlying facts and principles that should be followed in the exercise of the muscles. A chapter is devoted to hygienic dress; while the rest of the book deals with exercises on a mat—all of which, if followed by the reader, should assist in physical development in the right direction.

**A CHANCE MEDLEY.** By "Junior Devil." (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.

This volume was first published in 1911, and has been reprinted. It contains extracts from "Silk and Stuff," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1893-1909). One of the chapters is devoted to short stories, which make amusing reading.

**THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY: A Study of the Matriarchy.** By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). (Nash.) 3s. 6d. net.

A new book by the author of "The Truth About Woman," which, we are told, is an expansion of the historical section which treats of "the Mother-age civilisation" in the latter work. Mrs. Gallichan attempts to establish the position of the mother in the family, and takes us back to that early stage of society where descent was traced through the mother, using what is rather clumsily called Matriarchy, as opposed to the patriarchal system, as an argument in favour of greater consideration for the position of women at the present moment.